

Lance and Lasso, by Capt. Frederick Whittaker, commences next week.

NEW YORK



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. V.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.
David Adams.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1874.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, 3.00.
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 231.

SIX O'CLOCK.
BY FRED. C. GROSVENOR.

Up from the towering factory's side
The smoke comes like a funeral pall,
And over its gloomy top so tall
The thick smoke hangs like a funeral pall.
Thus pours from its summit black.

Slowly the clock in the tower tolls six,
And the echoes scarce are gone
Ere the fearful shriek of the fiery steam,
From the whistle's throat in a surging stream,
Proclaims that the work is done.

Oh! how it echoes and fills the air
Like a demon's voice so shrill;
But its roar is music to weary hearts,
And a thought of home and joy imparts
To the toiling workers in the mill.

Now fresh from the open door they come,
And out in the sunset ray,
The day, with its ceaseless work is past,
The blest relief has come at last—
They hasten on their homeward way.

Sweet is the hour to the workman's heart
That frees from the toil and strife,
As with gladness step he turns his back
On the gloomy mill and its chimney black,
For his home and the cheery wife.

The Moor-Captives: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERVIEW AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MISS KATE O'BRYNE was down early to breakfast. Such an event had not happened to her mamma since the poor admiral's death.

The delicacy of her constitution rendered it absolutely necessary that she should remain in bed, and there consume her matutinal tea and toast.

Kate was a healthy, sparkling girl, who was not ashamed to enjoy the morning meal.

On the present occasion she had other reasons for being down at an early hour.

Strong as was her sympathy with her cousins, her own feelings influenced her still more. The idea of marriage with Sir Thomas Harcourt, a man as old as her prematurely-deceased father, was in itself objectionable.

But not only did she dislike the man almost to loathing, but in a secret corner of her heart there was a fluttering hope that a certain young gentleman was not indifferent to the influence of her charms.

No engagement existed, Kate being so very young when he last sailed for the Mediterranean. But there was an innate conviction in her own mind that a declaration was only deferred.

It may be imagined, then, that it was with a slightly heightened color that she received an intimation that Lieutenant Lionel Montague desired to speak with Miss O'Byrne.

She cast one glance at herself in the mirror, another at her elegant morning costume, and bade the maid-servant admit him.

But whatever her secret feelings might be, Miss O'Byrne was a very well-bred young lady, and properly tutored in the world's ways.

"Welcome home, cousin Lionel," she said, extending her hand. "I am pleased to have you to welcome you."

"Thank you, my dear Kate; but what is all this dreadful story about Edith and Jessie?" he replied, drawing her to a lounge, and seating himself beside her. "Her letter is very full, but written hastily."

"It means that Sir Thomas is a wicked old tyrant; but as we have no time to lose," answered Kate, "I will tell you all that passed yesterday."

"I am all attention. Sir Thomas will rue the day he plays any tricks with my sister," he continued.

"Listen," said Kate, gravely, and the frank young daughter of the noble and gallant Lionel told her story clearly.

Lionel listened with deep attention, only once or twice interrupting.

Kate at last came to that part which had reference to Sir Thomas' designs on herself.

She told with blushes and bowed head.

Lionel jumped to his feet.

"The rascally old idiot! I'll—I'll—" he began, in hot and angry accents.

"Hear me out, Lionel; there is little more to tell," she said, with an arch smile. And she finished her narrative.

"But you will never listen to that man's project—never ally yourself with Sir Thomas, the lying hypocrite!" cried Lionel.

"Never!" was her emphatic reply.

"Senseless old idiot!" went on the irate young naval officer; "excuse me, my dear Kate, if I am somewhat rude—but the idea makes me mad."

"Such an absurd notion," cried Kate, with a little half laugh which was almost hysterical.

There was a very peculiar look in the face of Lionel Montague, that made her heart leap to her mouth, as is popularly said.

"The fact is, Kate, I didn't mean to speak so suddenly, so soon; but I had hoped—at least I have thought ever since my last visit—that—that—and he stumbled out something which was wholly unintelligible.

"What, Lionel?" said Kate, as calmly as possible.

"I'm a bad hand at making a speech—allways was—never could put twenty words together; but I love you dearly, Kate, and did hope some day to ask you to be my wife," he added, taking her hand gently, and holding it in his.

"Lionel," she cried, "I thought you looked on me merely as a cousin."

"My own precious darling," he answered,



A powerful fist hit him in the face, and he fell like a helpless log on the pavement.

"I love you with my whole heart and soul. I am but a poor officer, with little beyond my pay—while you are a rich heiress. Will you forgive me, dearest? You are weeping."

"With joy, Lionel," she said, turning her bright and beaming face—a tear-drop trembling like the dew upon a rosebud—up to his. "Under other circumstances I should not be so open or explicit; but we have much to consider, and when I am free from control, if you ask me again—well, Lionel, I will not be coy or coquettish—this poor hand shall be yours."

We suppose most of our readers will imagine themselves the nature of the reply.

"Now, Lionel, do be reasonable," she said, after a few minutes given to love's exquisite joy. "Unless we come to an understanding at once, we shall not get them out of Sir Thomas' clutches."

"I will beard him in his den," he said. "He is their legal guardian, and unless they are removed from his custody by stealth, he will force them into these cruel marriages."

"But where can they go? I am off in two days. My passengers go on board to-morrow," mused Lionel.

"I have it! They must go under Mrs. Bacon's charge to Malta. She is a most excellent lady. Her husband is a general, and in her house they will be safe."

"But they can not get out of the house, except clandestinely, and in disguise," urged Kate. "Now what disguises can they assume to deceive a spy outside?"

"I have it! The outfit of two young gentlemen—middles, was sent to my place yesterday. Couldn't you make them up so as to pass muster?"

Kate smiled rather provokingly.

"Certainly they would not be suspected. But how can the disguises be taken to them?"

"What is it, Mary?" addressing a girl who entered, after knocking two or three times. "Mademoiselle Fanchette—"

"Take her into the library," answered Kate. "Here is our only chance. Go, fetch the parcel. Do it up as tightly as possible, and she shall know it. Leave all the rest to me."

And she pushed Lionel out in her eagerness to carry out her audacious plan of escape.

Kate was very gracious with the affected but good-natured French milliner, and gave her a very large order both for herself and mother.

During her minority her allowance was princely.

"Veeth plaizure," she answered.

"I want to send a letter from Lieutenant Montague to his sister Edith with a present. You know Sir Thomas and my cousin are not friends."

"Vot a horror! Such a fine young mans!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Fanchette. "I go zare veeth some of ze trouusseau."

"You will say nothing to Sir Thomas. I will have the other bonnet as well," she added, carelessly.

"It will suit you charming, Mees," cried the milliner.

Lieutenant Montague was now announced,

"Mother," answered the girl, quietly, "I can give no such promise; he is my affianced husband. I shall not marry him until I am of age, if you object; but, mark my word, I will die rather than become the victim of that monstrous villain, Sir Thomas. You are bitterly deceived in him!"

"He is a noble and generous man, and will make you an excellent husband," replied the other, coldly.

"Then marry him yourself, mamma," said Kate, in a more merry tone. "But I had forgotten: the mercenary Sir Thomas wants my money."

To this the elder lady had no immediate reply, but turned sharply on Kate, as she prepared to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to visit Sir Thomas' other victims," was the cold reply. "Do not think they will yield without a struggle."

"Your interference will only recoil on yourself," said Mrs. O'Byrne, coldly. "The foolish girls are well provided for. Their future husbands—"

"One a profligate, the other a fool," returned Kate, sadly. "They shall not want for help and consolation, as far as I am concerned."

"Who would have daughters?" sighed the unfortunate lady; "with my nerves and delicate constitution, too! What a time you have been, Barnaby!" she continued, addressing a slinking, sour-faced widow, who came sidling into the room. "Have you got my smelling-bottle? I am quite upset for the day. Such exertion is really too much for me."

CHAPTER V.
THE PRISONERS.

MEANWHILE Jessie and Edith remained imprisoned in their apartments, with certain hopes of escaping the dreary fate which awaited them.

There are many instances in which parents and guardians interfere with cruel kindness to protect girls against the promptings of their impulsive hearts.

They have reason to be grateful in after years for the favor.

But in this instance, instinct and reason were on the side of the girls.

"After what Kate has told us," observed Jessie, "I shall feel myself justified in flatly refusing to marry my lord."

"I shall do the same," replied Edith; "but Sir Thomas will take no notice of our refusal. He is a cruel man with an iron will."

"But no clergyman will pronounce a blessing as long as we resolutely refuse," urged Jessie.

"I don't know. I have read of such things. Doubtless, our guardian, with money at his command, will find some unscrupulous priest, who will perform the ceremony in defiance of us," sighed the other.

"I will expose him before the world."

"Once married, we shall have to submit to our cruel fate."

"My dear Edith, I gave you credit for more courage and more firmness," said Jessie.

"I do not want for courage. Give me any loophole, show me any outlet for escape, and you will not find me wanting in resolution," replied Edith. "I only despair because our case seems hopeless."

At this moment, Polly Snapper, still an inmate of the house, ushered in Mademoiselle Fanchette.

"Pardonnez-moi," began the little Frenchwoman, "for ze intrusion, but I bring you von cadeau."

"A present for us," cried Edith.

"And a lettare from your brodare," continued the milliner.

She placed both the parcels and the letter on the table, and then began showing some finery, which she declared to be indispensable to the troubousan.

As the girls strongly suspected the nature of the communication they would receive, they did not hasten to open the letter or the parcels. They were, however, very gracious to the dressmaker, and dismissed her quite satisfied with their acceptance of her furbelows.

"Fasteen the door, Polly," cried Jessie, as Edith eagerly opened the letter, "and then see what is in the parcels."

The letter was short.

"I have no time to lose. I send you the only disfuses I can lay my hands on. Escape you must, and at once. Kate will see you presently and explain."

"Oh, Lor!" suddenly exclaimed Polly Snapper, with a little hysterical shriek, "what's this?"

And she exhibited, with open mouth, the various articles appertaining to a midshipman's dress.

"A pretty time for practical jokes," said the hot-tempered maid. "I wish I was behind the insulting rascal."

"Hush!" cried Jessie, coloring up and laughing at the same time. "I think Master Lionel might have selected—"

"And it's Master Lionel," continued Polly Snapper, staring. "What would he want playing tricks on the like of you?"

"Polly," said Edith, gravely, "we are going to run away. Our guardian's cruelty and injustice have driven us to this. These disfuses—"

"Oh, Miss!" cried Polly, suffocating with laughter, "do excuse me. But, without joking, you are not going to get into them things!"

The girls themselves were half inclined to join in the hilarity of the maid, but the gravity of the moment, however, controlled their merriment.

"It's very awkward," said Jessie. "I shan't know how to walk."

"But where can we go like this?" ruefully asked Edith.

At this moment Kate was announced, and after warm greetings, the difficulty was explained.

"I won't remain in that dress," said the blushing Jessie, "a moment more than I can afford."

"Nor I," cried Edith.

"Are you going to-day, Polly?" asked Kate.

"Yes, Miss; leastwise master says so."

"Do you live far away?" continued Kate.

"No; I'm going to mother's, not half a mile off—out of Golden Square."

"Then you must take as many of your mistress' dresses as you can pack away. They will be gifts from them. As soon as we leave here, we will come round to your place and change."

"That's it, Miss."

"By the way, have you an old dress and bonnet I can put on over these things? I shall see them off," said Kate.

"Certainly, Miss," replied Polly Snapper, and bouncing out of the room she shortly returned with a shapeless cotton gown, and also a bonnet not neatly described as like a grenadier's wooden measure, or a Stilton cheese.

"That will do, Polly; and now, for fear of a mistake, let me write down your address," continued Miss O'Byrne.

This was done, and then Miss Snapper returned with a bundle of clothes to pack.

"I do not like any thing clandestine or deceitful," said Edith, gravely, "but I think we are justified under the circumstances."

"Yes, my little casuist," replied Jessie, "to revolt against tyranny is always just. Hence have slaves always been deceitful."

"You don't think our conduct very unmanlike, do you, Kate?" asked Edith.

"Well, do you mean as to running away, or wearing the—the—what-d'y-e-call-em's?" said Kate, demurely.

"You can laugh," said Edith; "you have a mother to protect you."

"I have not, Miss Montague,"

is something. We must be off before dinner."

"But we are expected to dine with the gentlemen," urged Edith.

"The very reason why you must be off before the time comes. It's dark at five, and your dinner hour is six," continued Kate.

"When the lunch is cleared away, we will find out what the gentlemen are doing."

It was an hour later when the girl came again in answer to a summons.

"What is Sir Thomas doing?" asked Edith.

"He's gone out, miss, with the two gentlemen to his club. Promised to be home to dinner exactly at six," replied the maid.

"Saved!" cried Kate, when they were once more alone.

But some hours of deep anxiety, of almost wearying agony, had to be passed ere night fell, and seldom during their adventurous career had they to endure more mental suffering.

The tyranny of their guardian was, to a certain extent, a tyranny supported by law.

It might be possible by a public and unladylike scene to prevent the enforced marriage, but even this would scarcely be tolerated by society.

Society expects its votaries to suffer; to use a vulgar phrase, to grin and bear it.

"And you think this Mrs. Bacon will receive us, and refuse to give us up?" said Edith, for the fourth or fifth time.

"Saved!" cried Kate, when they were once more alone.

"I'm afraid," urged my lord, sarcastically,

"you will find Miss O'Byrne a rather slippery character."

"Matrimony will tame her," replied Sir Thomas, dryly.

"While we are waiting, let us have dinner."

And the trio hurried into the dining-room to take a hasty meal with scant ceremony.

Before they had concluded, the messenger returned.

The Bow street officers promised to be on the alert, and to keep a good watch on Lieutenant Lionel Montague.

Mrs. Admiral O'Byrne pressed Sir Thomas to come round at once, as she had not seen her daughter since the morning.

"Sdeath," cried Sir Thomas, "there has been a terrible blunder somewhere. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly," said my lord of Ravensbourne, with a dark and gloomy frown; "it appears to me altogether very extraordinary."

"Quite incredible," drawled Sir Charles.

But while they are hunting about London and setting every machinery in motion to catch them, we will follow the runaways.

A clever detective officer, who had known the whole case, and been aware of what had passed between Sir Thomas and Miss Polly Snapper, would probably have gone at once to her address in a by-street near Golden Square.

But Sir Thomas trusted to his own acuteness, and the ordinary action of the law put in motion by the help of a reward.

Therefore, the fugitives reached the humble residence of Polly Snapper's mother without any delay, and were ushered into her parlor by the eager and delighted maid.

"Well, I never," she did say, with a comical glance at the trembling middies; "what nice boys they do make, to be sure."

With a want of reverence for propriety, which was very unbecoming, Lionel laughed, and the girls, waiting to hear no more, hurried away to a bedroom, and there rid themselves of their disguises.

The worthy mother of Polly Snapper had meanwhile made them a fragrant cup of tea, over which meal a council was held.

The flight to Malta, under the chaperonship of Mrs. Bacon, was decided on.

"You will take me?" said Polly.

"Certainly," replied Edith; "if you desire it, we shall only be too glad."

"I don't care what heathen parts I go to, so I am with my young ladies," cried Polly.

It was accordingly arranged that she should start next day for Southampton, and there await their arrival at an hotel.

"But be very careful. If your sweetheart, Mobb Skeggs," laughed Edith, "only gets on your track—"

"Oh! Miss Montague, because I've demeaned myself to speak to that low wretch, to serve you, Miss," said Polly, in an injured tone.

"I am only joking, Polly, and you know it. Do not fail us, but be very cautious."

"We must go," urged Lieutenant Lionel.

"Mrs. Bacon will be expecting us."

And so it happened that they took their departure in the hired glass coach ten minutes before Mobb Skeggs arrived, just to make a friendly call upon Miss Snapper.

"Which it was very bad conduct of Sir Thomas to send her away premonious like," said he.

"Bother," replied Polly Snapper, sharply, "what business is it yours?"

"Miss Polly, what knows how my affections is engaged, shouldn't speak so," cried the spy, with a hideous attempt at looking sentimental.

"Now, Mobb Skeggs, none of that, you know. My mind is made up, and I speaks free. I don't want no palaver with you. I likes you about as much as I do my master, so go about your business."

"Polly, Polly, think of my 'art," he whimpered.

"Will you go?" she cried, going toward the boiling kettle on the fire. "And the next time you come in here spying and carneying, you'll get more than you like."

There was a malicious look on Mobb Skeggs' face, a showing of his teeth, which decidedly meant mischief.

He, however, went out without saying a word, and left the Snapper mansion in peace.

Mrs. Bacon, the wife of a general who was on duty in Malta, was one of those homely, genial women, who are devoted to the interests of their own sex, and ready to make any sacrifice in the cause of humanity and justice.

"I don't know what Andrew will say," she exclaimed, alluding to her husband; "but in a case like this, I am not afraid of the Court of Chancery and all the big wigs in Westminster."

"We are so deeply grateful to you," said Edith, half weeping, half crying.

"My dear, your brother has told me a sad, a terrible story. You are better out of England just now. My Andrew has a quick temper, but a cool head for thinking. When we get to Malta we will talk the matter over. In the meanwhile you are under my charge."

"How can I ever thank you?" said Lionel.

"By going away and not coming here any more. You will be watched. Let us not meet again until we are on board."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied Lionel, rising; "but remember—the sooner you are on board, the better."

"We will start early to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Bacon; "and whatever you do, keep away from my neighborhood."

Lionel promised, and it proved good advice, for not only was Lionel closely watched all next day, but one or two persons called upon him under villainously false pretenses, evidently in the interests of Bow street.

"Help—murder—fire!" shouted Skeggs, as he scrambled to his feet and held on by the railings.

"Quick, this way," cried Lionel.

Away, without a word, they sped for the carriage, and, reaching it, were driven off with great rapidity.

"Help—murder—fire!" shouted Skeggs, as he scrambled to his feet and held on by the railings.

"What's all this row about, fellow?" said Sir Thomas, alighting with his friends from a carriage. "Have you been drinking?"

"No, only knocked down by Master Lionel," was the grim reply; "it's my opinion the birds have flown."

"Scoundrel! explain yourself."

"There is some treachery afoot."

"Very unpleasant."

Such were the three remarks of the baronet, lord, and colonel.

Skeggs sulky did explain himself, and Sir Thomas, giving a ring and rat-tat that disturbed the neighborhood, brought all the servants to the hall.

"You, woman," he shouted, addressing Mrs. Skeggs, "go and see where Miss Montague is. Quick, if you limp all your life."

The housekeeper and one of the maids went up-stairs, and speedily returned with the news that the girls were nowhere to be found.

"What's the meaning of this?" said my lord.

"Very strange," observed the colonel.

"Don't stand gaping like a set of fools."

You, Skeggs," addressing the outdoor spy,

"away to Bow street, and give information.

Two girls disguised as midshipmen will easily be traced. You, James, away to Mrs. O'Bryne's; if they have gone there, they are safe."

"I'm afraid," urged my lord, sarcastically,

"you will find Miss O'Byrne a rather slippery character."

"Matrimony will tame her," replied Sir Thomas, dryly.

"While we are waiting, let us have dinner."

And the trio hurried into the dining-room to take a hasty meal with scant ceremony.

Before they had concluded, the messenger returned.

The Bow street officers promised to be on the alert, and to keep a good watch on Lieutenant Lionel Montague.

Mrs. Admiral O'Byrne pressed Sir Thomas to come round at once, as she had not seen her daughter since the morning.

"Sdeath," cried Sir Thomas, "there has been a terrible blunder somewhere. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly," said my lord of Ravensbourne, with a dark and gloomy frown; "it appears to me altogether very extraordinary."

"Quite incredible," drawled Sir Charles.

But while they are hunting about London and setting every machinery in motion to catch them, we will follow the runaways.

A clever detective officer, who had known the whole case, and been aware of what had passed between Sir Thomas and Miss Polly Snapper, would probably have gone at once to her address in a by-street near Golden Square.

But Sir Thomas trusted to his own acuteness, and the ordinary action of the law put in motion by the help of a reward.

Therefore, the fugitives reached the humble residence of Polly Snapper's mother without any delay, and were ushered into her parlor by the eager and delighted maid.

"Well, I never," she did say, with a comical glance at the trembling middies; "what nice boys they do make, to be sure."

With a want of reverence for propriety, which was very unbecoming, Lionel laughed, and the girls, waiting to hear no more, hurried away to a bedroom, and there rid themselves of their disguises.

The worthy mother of Polly Snapper had meanwhile made them a fragrant cup of tea, over which meal a council was held.

The flight to Malta, under the chaperonship of Mrs. Bacon, was decided on.

"You will take me?" said Polly.

"Certainly," replied Edith; "if you desire it, we shall only be too glad."

"I don't care what heathen parts I go to, so I am with my young ladies," cried Polly.

It was accordingly arranged that she should start next day for Southampton, and there await their arrival at an hotel.

"But be very careful. If your sweetheart, Mobb Skeggs," laughed Edith, "only gets on your track—"

"Oh! Miss Montague, because I've demeaned myself to speak to that low wretch, to serve you, Miss," said Polly, in an injured tone.

"I am only joking, Polly, and you know it. Do not fail us, but be very cautious."

"We must go," urged Lieutenant Lionel.

"Mrs. Bacon will be expecting us."

And so it happened that they took their departure in the hired glass coach ten minutes before Mobb Skeggs arrived, just to make a friendly call upon Miss Snapper.

"Which it was very bad conduct of Sir Thomas to send her away premonious like," said he.

"Bother," replied Polly Snapper, sharply, "what business is it yours?"

"Miss Polly, what knows how my affections is engaged, shouldn't speak so," cried the spy, with a hideous attempt at looking sentimental.

"Now, Mobb Skeggs, none of that, you know. My mind is made up, and I speaks free. I don't want no palaver with you. I likes you about as much as I do my master, so go about your business."

"Polly, Polly, think of my 'art," he whimpered.

"Will you go?" she cried, going toward the boiling kettle on the fire. "And the next time you come in here spying and carneying, you'll get more than you like."

There was a malicious look on Mobb Skeggs' face, a showing of his teeth, which decidedly meant mischief.

He, however, went out without saying a word, and left the Snapper mansion in peace.

Mrs. Bacon, the wife of a general who was on duty in Malta, was one of those homely, genial women, who are devoted to the interests of their own sex, and ready to make any sacrifice in the cause of humanity and justice.

"I don't know what Andrew will say," she exclaimed, alluding to her husband; "but in a case like this, I am not afraid of the Court of Chancery and all the big wigs in Westminster."

"We are so deeply grateful to you," said Edith, half weeping, half crying.

"My dear, your brother has told me a sad, a terrible story. You are better out of England just now. My Andrew has a quick temper, but a cool head for thinking. When we get to Malta we will talk the matter over. In the meanwhile you are under my charge."

"How can I ever thank you?" said Lionel.

"By going away and not coming here any more. You will be watched. Let us not meet again until we are on board."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," replied Lionel, rising; "but remember—the sooner you are on board, the better."

"We will start early to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Bacon; "and whatever you do, keep away from my neighborhood."

Lionel promised, and it proved good advice, for not only was Lionel closely watched all next day, but one or two persons called upon him under villainously false pretenses, evidently in the interests of Bow street.

"Help—murder—fire!" shouted Skeggs, as he scrambled to his feet and held on by the railings.

"Quick, this way," cried Lionel.

Away, without a word, they sped for the carriage, and, reaching it, were driven off with great rapidity.

"Help—murder—fire!" shouted Skeggs, as he scrambled to his feet and held on by the railings.

"What's all this row about, fellow?" said Sir Thomas, alighting with his friends from a carriage. "Have you been drinking?"

"No, only knocked down by Master Lionel," was the grim reply; "it's my opinion the birds have flown."

"Scoundrel! explain yourself."

"There is some treachery afoot."

"Very unpleasant."

Such were the three remarks of the baronet, lord, and colonel.

Skeggs sulky did explain himself, and Sir Thomas, giving a ring and rat-tat that disturbed the neighborhood, brought all the servants to the hall.

we can get some facts out of him," interrupted Graham, growing impatient.

"He must take it into his ole noggan that his affairs are none of our bis'ness. But just hear him rant. He thinks, the blarsted ole gourd-head, that the moon's a fire. Meby he'll blab the very thing we want to know, if we keep still long enuff."

They remained quiet and listened to the drunken man's ravings and imprecations that forced a smile to the lips of the hunters.

The name, Nora, young Graham, in reverting in mind to the scene upon the Wolf, incidentally connected with the short, stout woman, whose wail of sorrow had smote his ears when her companion fell by the bullet of the treacherous, lurking red-skin.

And, somehow or other, Ben was persuaded that Turk was the man first seen on the rock who was just leaving on one of his nocturnal raids upon the supplies of the adventurers.

The hunters were upon the point of advancing to where the drunken man lay, when the light crashing of the snow-crust behind them gave warning of approaching danger.

"Ingrins, Cap'n, by the billions," whispered Ben, as his cat-like eye caught sight of a number of shadowy forms stealing through the undergrowth. "Let's make ourselves scarce."

"But Turk—what about?"

"Come, lad—curse Turk—don't you see?—it's all a trap, boy—he and the Ingins understand each other; come, peg it down like Satan beatin' tan-barb, Cap'n; the devils are arter us like sleuth-hounds!"

(To be continued—continued in No. 224.)

NYDIA, THE Beautiful Sleep-Walker.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"YOUR LONG-LOST DAUGHTER."

THREE days have passed since the night which ended so fatally for Christopher Renfrew, and Lord Wyndlow and his family and friends are still at the Towers.

The lawyers have entreated his lordship to remain until the mystery connected with the death of the last of the Renfrews has been cleared up, or at least until the inquest has been held, and the funeral is over, and Rupert Lane, whom most of them thought the heir of the property, was telegraphed for, that he also with his wife might be present at the reading of the will.

Nydia had calmed down after Rosalind's conversation, and had become in a great measure more reconciled to the singular conditions to which she was subject, a state of mind due also in a great measure to the influence and arguments of Felix who felt that the reason, perhaps the life, of the girl he loved depended upon his making her take a rational view of what was, after all, but a natural phenomenon.

Events, too, had crowded in one upon another, and suspicions that had at one time seemed groundless and foolish, began to take a darkly definite form, as they pointed to Lawrence Wade, as having been connected with more than one dark crime.

Folly had come down to Renfrew Towers, partly to look after pretty, pert Lottie, but ostensibly and principally to see his master, to impart his suspicions to him, and tell him all he had managed to learn about the man who was still supposed to be engaged to his lordship's niece.

"If we could only find the old nigger woman and the little girl, you see, my lord," he observed, with a puzzled expression of countenance, "we'd have it all in a nutshell, and him in our hands like a vise; but he's stole a march on me, you see, and I can't find out any clue inquired Lord Wyndlow.

"No; I'm told a woman took them, but I don't believe it, and now, my lord, I thought I'd best come and tell you, and then you'd know what to do."

"Indeed I don't know," was the reply; "it is useless for me to say a word to Miss Legrange until I can produce proof to sustain my suspicions. You had better remain here, Folly, until the funeral is over, and then we all return to town. There is nothing special for you to do, but keep your eyes open and see if you can discover any thing about the perpetrators of the murder and temporary abduction of Miss Nydia the other night. Perhaps I wrong him, but I feel assured in my own mind that this man Wade had something to do with it."

"Yes, my lord, I should say it was likely; specially if he'd any thing to gain by it. But sharp as he is, I think if he goes on much further like this, he'll be caught."

And so saying, Folly went off to the housekeeper's room, to try and obtain a quiet chat with Lottie.

It is evening, and the ladies and gentlemen are seated in the smallest drawing-room at the Towers.

Mary Claxton, now Mrs. Lane, is there with her husband, while Rosalind, Nydia and Cora, with Frank, Felix and Lord Wyndlow, make up the party, if we make an exception in favor of Folly, who stands in the background.

Simple as the gathering may appear, it is strange work that they are about, for Nydia has consented to allow Felix to mesmerize her, so that, in her clairvoyant sleep, she may try to discover whether their suspicions in reference to Lawrence Wade are well founded or not.

They had desired Cora's absence, but she would be present, would hear all that could be said, learn all that could be learnt, and there she was, seated a little apart from the bell-rope which would summon those who might confirm or contradict whatever the girl in her magnetic sleep might say.

Clever as they thought themselves, it was Cora's hand which held the torch which should set fire to the whole train of explosives, and that would bring destruction upon the man she had once so passionately loved, and now so vindictively hated.

The conviction that Lawrence Wade had been guilty of murder, the murderer of his wife, had grown upon her mind until she had not a doubt on the subject remaining, and yet she sat here, and listened and waited, ready herself to launch a bolt, which, when the opportunity came, must tell home.

Nydia is asleep, the magnetic current has passed through her frame, and imparted to her brain a more than natural perception.

"Are you asleep? Can you see clearly?" asks Felix. And the reply is low and distinct.

"Yes, never better in my life."

A piece of dark hair, short, and evidently belonging to a man, but wrapped in paper, is handed to the young baron by Cora, who had once numbered it among her treasures.

It is placed in the hands of the clairvoyante, who, after a slight pause, says:

"Yes, I see him."

"Can you go back to a night in January last?" asks the mesmerist, "and see the man to whom the hair belongs, with a party of ladies and two gentlemen?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"My uncle and Frank, aunt Myra, Cora and myself."

"Very well, what do you see more?"

"Frank and that man are going away together."

"Yes; do they go together?"

"No; a man, a servant—comes in with a message from a woman. She will see him."

"Quite right; follow him."

"I do; they are in the street together, and oh, it is so cold. The snow is on the ground, and the street lamps even feel the biting wind and shiver. But they don't mind it, those two; they are angry and fiery-tempered, and the woman is reproaching him, and is fierce and violent."

"Can you hear anything she is saying?"

"Yes, but not distinctly. She says she is his wife, she speaks of her child, of a long journey, and of letters and papers with which she threatens him."

"Has she the papers with her?"

"Yes, and he wants them; he will have them. I see it in his brain, in his flashing eye. He is afraid of her, and wishes her dead."

"Well, continue," for the girl had paused as though she could not go on.

"It is dark and cold, and they have walked about for hours. They don't know where they have been, or where they are going, they are both so angry and excited. They have gone over a bridge two or three times, and the river flows darkly beneath, and the lights flash on it, and they make it look darker and more terrible than the white snow-covered roads, and the man wishes she were in it, while she threatens him with terrible things. Oh, it is dreadful."

"Look again. I will you to do so."

"They are struggling now; it is life or death to one or both of them; but they make no noise. The woman will not scream, she is trying to retain the papers and never thinks that he would harm her, but he has murder in his heart; oh, there is blood on his hands! He has the paper—she is on the parapet."

"Oh, he throws her over; down, down, into the deep river—oh, wake me; he is here."

Involuntarily, every eye turned to where she pointed, and there, unnoticed by them in the狂狂 attention her words had excited, stood Lawrence Wade, very pale, but cold, haughty and collected.

He had heard all, though those who looked upon his calm face almost doubted it.

"Good-evening; quite a family party," he said, advancing into the room with an assurance that absolutely startled those present. "Is Miss Nydia ill?"

"No, don't come near her," said Felix, who was hastily thrown off the magnetic influence from the girl, and commanded her to awake, now turned to confront the man whom he felt was both his rival and his enemy.

"You are very polite to the man in whose house you are intruding, young man," said Wade, with a sneer; "but foreign beggars never will learn the manners of gentlemen."

The hot blood rushed into Felix Von Morgen's face, his hands clenched convulsively, and but for the presence of ladies, he would have resented the insult instantly.

But Lord Wyndham, almost as angry as the young baron himself, now stepped forward, saying:

"I don't understand such conduct toward a friend of mine, Mr. Wade. Explain yourself, and what you mean by it, sir."

"I mean that I am master here, my lord," was the defiant reply; "my uncle, Christopher Renfrew, made me his heir, as he always told me he should do, and I do not choose to tolerate in my house that foreign upstart."

But he mastered himself. Whatever his tortures, they at least who hated and feared him should do so, and I do not choose to tolerate in my house that foreign upstart, and she said, in an appealing tone:

"The beautiful lady, I must kiss her."

"You hear," said Wade, in a husky tone, turning his eyes upon Cora, "she wants you; quick, or it will be too late."

For a moment the woman whose vengeance had brought about this meeting hesitated.

Only for a moment, however; then, impulsive and passionate as ever, extreme in her hatred and love, she came over, and throwing herself on her knees by the couch on which Wade, still holding his child was seated, she murmured:

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me."

A look such as she remembered till her dying day, came over the face of the man she still loved, as he said, in an unnaturally calm tone:

"This is your work; if you are satisfied with it, I forgive you."

But the cough has commenced again, the frail frame is shaken with the effort, and the father's face has become pale, while his teeth bite his white lips as though to repress some internal agony.

Not long does this continue; that cough is her last, for the white dress is stained with blood, the heavy eyelids close, and one weary, though youthful, wayfarer on life's rough road the odds are awfully against him.

Fade is still by his side, her white hand stained with the crimson drops that had fallen from the lips of his child.

It is her work, he has told her so, and now the poison which is coursing through his veins may complete the tragedy; he opposes it with his iron will longer; he has baffled them all, and a smile, almost of triumph, settles upon his lips, as, clasping his dead child tightly to his breast, he falls back a corpse.

"Oh, help, quickly; he has only fainted!" shrieked Cora.

"He can't ha' poisoned himself, for I watched him," said Folly.

But examination proved that the human bloodhound was mistaken.

A man may poison himself without swallowing the fatal draught; a prick from a pin, the point of a penknife first prepared, may do it, and Lawrence Wade was too skillful a chemist, too unscrupulous a plotter, to ever leave himself without a sure resource in case of detection.

His death convinced those who knew him that he was guilty of the crime they imputed to him, namely, that of murdering his wife, though it was frankly admitted that he lived and braved it out, sufficient evidence at least would have been wanting to convict him.

Cora Legrange never recovered from the shock which the scene just described occasioned her.

The words seemed to ring in her ears morning, noon and night, "This is your work," and a month after the death of Lawrence Wade and his child, she too passed that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

Months have rolled on, and the day fixed for the nuptials of Nydia Claxton and Rosalind Von Morgen has arrived at last.

If there are any sad hearts there, smiles called up for the occasion cover them, and if

as you know, is murdered and buried. See, she is here."

And at that moment Watkins, Cora's maid, carrying Viola, who was now too weak to walk, appeared at the doorway, with old Tara, tottering and leaning on a stick by her side, while Folly and two or three strange men seemed to bring up the rear, and preclude even the thought of escape.

For one instant Wade turned and glared upon Cora.

He saw it all now, saw how the worm he had trodden upon till he thought it had neither desire nor power to rebel against him, had turned, and he cursed her as well as his own blind folly for the act.

But a voice, a child's voice, very plaintive, weak and sad, calls to him:

"Papa, dear papa, the beautiful lady has brought me to you at last, before I go to mamma in heaven; kiss me, papa, and take me in your arms before I die."

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

THE lamp of life is flickering, dying out, but a look of peace and rest came over the countenance of little Vi, as she lay gasping out her last breath in her father's arms.

Yes, Lawrence Wade is conquered; he sees and knows it; death in his arms; the only creature, whom, being part of himself, he had ever truly loved, was drifting away down the dark stream of time to be launched out into the great ocean of eternity.

Destruction, too, was on every side; his crimes had found him out; he felt rather than he was convinced of it, for in the hour that was to have been his triumph came his downfall and defeat.

Some men would have fought blindly, frantically, like a rat driven into a corner—dying game, as they term it, even though it be to die like a brute.

But Lawrence Wade was not of that order; he was too thorough a fatalist, too proud and self-contained to allow his enemies or those he loved or hated to witness the agony and torture he suffered.

Only for a moment did the strong life within him rise in passionate rebellion against the doom which he felt to be inevitable; then he silently accepted his destiny, as he would have termed it, and to the great surprise of every one but old Tara, he stepped forward and took Viola from the woman who carried her, clasping her light form tenderly in his own arms.

If any thing could have shaken the belief in his guilt in the minds of all who now looked upon him, it was his calm composure, and the tenderness with which he spoke to and tried to soothe his dying child.

Even Folly felt that the prey he had hunted so long was escaping him.

And so it was, but not in the manner or way that he expected.

He is escaping them all, and yet he looks like a tender father bestowing caresses upon the rapidly-sinking girl whom he holds in his arms.

"My papa, my papa!" is all she can murmur, as the thin, wasted arms cling so lovingly round his neck.

In that moment, if a human being could suffer an agony of self-reproach which nothing could add to or augment, surely it was Lawrence Wade, as he felt all that he had lost—all that he had destroyed.

But he mastered himself. Whatever his tortures, they at least who hated and feared him should do so, and I do not choose to tolerate in my house that foreign upstart.

He is escaping now; it is life or death to one or both of them; but he is still holding his child, and she is on the parapet.

"The beautiful lady, I must kiss her."

"You hear," said Wade, in a husky tone, turning his eyes upon Cora, "she wants you; quick, or it will be too late."

For a moment the woman whose vengeance had brought about this meeting hesitated.

Only for a moment, however; then, impulsive and passionate as ever, extreme in her hatred and love, she came over, and throwing herself on her knees by the couch on which Wade, still holding his child was seated, she murmured:

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me."

A look such as she remembered till her dying day, came over the face of the man she still loved, as he said, in an unnaturally calm tone:

"This is your work; if you are satisfied with it, I forgive you."

But the cough has commenced again, the frail frame is shaken with the effort, and the father's face has become pale, while his teeth bite his white lips as though to repress some internal agony.

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1874.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Particulars to obtain it from a newsdealer, or to subscribe to the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00
One year 2.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepare American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Own Boys' Own Serial!

In the next number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we give the opening chapters of the beautiful and exciting story for Boys,

LANCE AND LASSO;

OR,
The Children of the Grand Chaco,

A TALE OF FOUR BOYS' SUMMER VACATION

IN THE

Pampas of Buenos Ayres

BY CAPT. FRED. WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," ETC., ETC.

Delightful as a story of adventure; exciting in its incidents of the chase and the conflict; singular in revelations of life on a great cattle range; romantic in its personal relations, this charming story is literally stuffed with odd and novel information regarding other countries.

The four boys are four little heroes, but of such different tastes and characters that each one becomes the center of a special interest, and will excite the liveliest enthusiasm in his exploits and experiences.

A good boy's story is as rare as a comet's coming; but here we have it, as we have just had the comet. Boys will "go for it" with an eager zest that will be well repaid, and Capt. Whittaker will become, to them, a Prince of Story-tellers.

The Arm-Chair.

An occasional contributor, in a recent letter, takes occasion to defend wine-drinking as healthful, but makes a qualification by saying, "Light-wines, I of course, mean."

Light-wines, indeed! What are light-wines? The answer is, such wines as require a quart or more to make the drinker's head swim.

What a begging of the question is all this talk about light-wines! Why, we've seen a man rollicking drunk on a single glass of plain Catawba; and we know dozens of men who can stand a half-dozen glasses of brandy and yet show no signs of inebriation.

Which shows that light-wines are more dangerous to the wits and health of some men than brandy is to others, and also establishes the fact that wine is spirits, modified in proportion only as it is diluted with the water of the grape or fruit.

If wine is spirits, and the use of spirits is to be deprecated, no sophistry will make light-wine drinking either healthful or safe. This is both logic and common sense.

But there is another view of this matter, which the wine-champion must confront. If he don't care for logic or common sense in the abstract, let him take it in the concrete.

"In America," says Henry Ward Beecher, "men drink light-wines as the first step toward drinking heavy-wines; and heavy-wines are the steps toward whisky." That is, the "lightest" of wine has alcohol enough in it to foster the taste for something heavier, and as surely as the seed when planted becomes a stalk, so surely Catawba sprouts into Madeira and sherry; and these, in turn, develop into brandy, and brandy into promiscuous drinking; all to satisfy a thirst that was born of that glass of light-wine."

And this is the concrete of the matter, which, added to the logic and common sense conclusion, makes a light-wine diet of questionable utility; and without entering into a discussion of the temperance question, as such, we fear our correspondent will have to drink his "light-wine" knowing there is a serpent's egg in it that a little fostering will develop into a dragon.

The boys of America will certainly find reading enough on the news-stands to meet all their wants. What with monthly magazines and weekly papers, adapted expressly for "the youth of America," the young folks are, at times, at a loss to know what first to read. But, in addition to monthlies and weeklies, there are books ranging from Oliver Optic's dollar and a half volumes to Beadle's beautiful "Boys' Books of Romance and Adventure," sold at the remarkably cheap price of one dime each—a complete and charmingly illustrated book for ten cents! With such resources at their command, the young people of city and country are not likely to pine for something good to read. What the reader ought to do is to discriminate carefully in what he or she selects. Choose only what is good and pure. Reject the impure as you would repel a snake or a leper. If a paper or book is even tainted with irreligious or immoral suggestions, drop it, and never again patronize that publication. The world is full of what is good and charming, and wisely suggestive, that there is no room for what is bad. At least, don't give it room. Buy and read only what is good.

AMONG the histories of American self-made men none more fully verify the saying, "to the plucky belong the spoils," than that of Alvah Adams, the founder of the great Adams' Express Company. Adams is a native of Vermont. In Boston he was an "assistant" in a hotel at a very meager salary. Then he tried the produce commission business, which didn't pay. Then, casting around for some business not everybody's business, he "lit" on that of expressing packages. Harden had then started and proved by his success that there was something new; so Adams, associated with P. B. Burke, in 1840, started an opposition to Harden, out of Boston, to the surrounding towns; then to New York. Giving their per-

sonal attention to the work, and being largely their own messengers, the two men soon built up a fair reputation and commanded that confidence which alone is the stepping stone to success. From such small beginnings sprung the present gigantic monopoly, whose property is worth millions of dollars, and whose business is so immense that its proprietors do not care to make the figures known.

There is a lesson in this history besides mere money success. It is that sterling integrity and patient industry sooner or later bring their reward. The boy who starts out in life with Alvah Adams' probity and willingness to do any work that is honorable, will be an employee ere he is thirty. It is such boys that are to make our future great merchants, bankers, railroad managers, expressmen, ship-owners, telegraphers, etc.

Sunshine Papers.

Eight O'Clock in the Morning.

SEVEN o'clock now. Breakfast is already a thing of the past, wraps are nicely adjusted, and we open the street door and pass out into the pearly gray morning. There is just a breath of frostiness in the air that comes across our faces refreshingly, and a quiet pearl hue to the dome arching above us, and the sense of a long hush just rifted in the city sounds that greet us.

We walk along our quiet street toward the great thoroughfare. This is only a pleasant stream bordered by the homes of workers, but it flows into the city's great river, where the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the idle and the earnest, drift to and fro.

Here we are, on the avenue, bound for the ferry. How earnest every one seems now, but how many will hold out through the weary day? If we feel inclined to meditate upon the subject, the even tenor of our thoughts is ruthlessly disturbed by the constant tickle, tickle, tickle, of the little bells the passing car-horses wear. The cars of half a dozen different lines run along here; those going down heavily laden. See! the crowds press down to the very steps. Poor, patient horses, as you plod along with that great throng of humanity, do you ever think concerning it? If you can, if you do, how many hours must be rife with speculation concerning the people you carry, their businesses, their pleasures, their characters, their loves, their heart histories, and longings, and dreams.

These walks ought to be clean after all the palms of water that these sleepy-eyed clerks throw over them. Some of these same clerks handle the broomstick as well as if masculinity, instead of femininity, had been born to such a scepter. As for windows—do they not clean them nicely? Just see this store, how the plate-glass shines; now another clerk will come and arrange shawls, and silks, and laces, and suits, until this window will hold attractions for half the women who shall pass it today. Why do men rail so at woman's passion for dress? It is only her inborn ruling love of beauty. Educate her mental nature, her esthetic senses, as thoroughly as you do her mere animal characteristics, and you will find her as passionately fond of pictures, and poems, and statuary, and a crimson-crowned sunrising, and a flash of electricity shattering the gloom of a cloud-mountain, and a field of wind-swept grain, as she now is of ruffles and embroidery.

A little boy comes out of a telegraph-office and empties a basket of papers into the ash-barrel. He is scarcely through the office door and here is a rag-picker eagerly seizing the papers. What is on them? How many hearts have beat high with the spirit of welcome, how many lips moaned forth a cry of bitter pain, over some tiny sentence that is impressed upon these papers carelessly thrown forth, eagerly gathered up, soon to have lost all similitude of what they are in what they shall become.

Have you never heard a person say, "Well, I shall not keep thanksgiving this year. Why should I? I'm sure I've nothing to be thankful for?" Not a very Christian-like speech to make—such words cannot come from a very thankful heart.

Don't you suppose, if that person were to think over his blessings and misfortunes, he would find the former far outweighed the latter? I don't care who it is—how lowly his position may be, how much trouble he has, how much misery he has to contend with—he must have something to be thankful for, and if he is not, he is to be much condemned.

Don't you very often think that the reason we do not have more blessings is because we do not appreciate those which we do have? This is, doubtless, the true state of the case, and to-day is the very day we should wake up and acknowledge the fact to ourselves, for it would make us ten times better. Bear in mind, that he who is grateful to those who have done him a service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

So, only, can we make the last day's record worthy of immortal glory.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AMONG THE PROVERBS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

"He who is grateful to those who have done him a service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful to God, his constant benefactor."

Any one who goes through this life, receiving favor after favor, without showing his gratitude by an expression of thanks, is no worthy object for our aid. And yet this world contains many such, many who do not seem to know what gratitude means. They journey along day after day, receiving one favor here and another there, or still more elsewhere, but never a word or look to show you that help is appreciated. They seem to think you are doing no more than you should do, and they receive your kindnesses as though they were entitled to them. A little bit of politeness, or even common sense, should teach them what they appear to forget—whether they purposely forget it or not, I must leave you to decide.

"Thank you" do not seem such very hard words to say, although from their chary utterance, they would appear to be the most difficult ones in the English language to speak. Does it not seem to you, at time, as if people thought they would lower their dignity exceedingly to use the words?

Now what does any one gain by being so ungrateful? Does the ingrate feel happier for passing favors by without one word of kind acknowledgment for them?

As for me, the next person I oblige, and he doesn't say "thank you," I am going to think that one of the savages of Patagonia has been let loose, and that he'd better return to his home, where his ill manners are tolerated. I believe in gratitude, and I'm so sure that it is one of the cardinal virtues, that one of my standard maxims of life is—"Be grateful and you will be happy."

One reason why many seem ungrateful is because gratitude is not instilled into them when they are young. Parents are not careful enough to inculcate the lesson in the minds of their children, but it is a lesson—at least to me it seems so—as important as any of the studies taught at school or at home, and if it were more attended to at school, I think individuals would graduate with a more finished education than they now do.

It is not altogether this unthankfulness we have to one another for favors where gratitude is shown so much as it is toward Heaven, from whom we receive so many benefits, such countless blessings. Light, heat and health are among these blessings, but—having them—they wish they are by good rights our own, and, do not see what necessity we have to be grateful for the same. It is not right to feel so, I know; it is almost wicked to have such feelings, but that we do have them, and do harbor them may be plainly seen in the every-day actions of our lives. There are but few things in this world which are not intended for man's comfort and enjoyment. Some of these blessings may come in disguise, I grant you, but they turn out blessings for all that, and, if we were not blind as adders, we would know them to be such.

Have you never heard a person say, "Well, I shall not keep thanksgiving this year. Why should I? I'm sure I've nothing to be thankful for?"

Not a very Christian-like speech to make—such words cannot come from a very thankful heart.

Don't you suppose, if that person were to think over his blessings and misfortunes, he would find the former far outweighed the latter? I don't care who it is—how lowly his position may be, how much trouble he has, how much misery he has to contend with—he must have something to be thankful for, and if he is not, he is to be much condemned.

Don't you very often think that the reason we do not have more blessings is because we do not appreciate those which we do have? This is, doubtless, the true state of the case, and to-day is the very day we should wake up and acknowledge the fact to ourselves, for it would make us ten times better. Bear in mind, that he who is grateful to those who have done him a service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

Foolscap Papers.

A Letter from Sarah Jane.

DEAR WASHINTON:

I must acknowledge the receipt of another letter from you, which you wrote on the 29th of last ultimatum, but didn't mail until the 4th instant, but the fond affections which it contains have kept warm, and as I read it to-night by the soft and subdued light of a tallow candle, which it burned my fingers when I snuffed it, and got the black all over my nose, I was filled with unspeakable spontaneousness to find that I am still the object of your love notwithstanding the blots.

It is a year now since you took your absence and left my presence, and I have never seized a minute to think of you with the fondest thoughts and the tenderest sentiments, even while we were making cheese, and I always shall, and your dear face is pictured in my mind, and it beats there in my darkest hours, and I am so overcome with emotion to think that your mustache is growing and you part your hair in the middle.

I am all alone to-night, in solitude's lonely hour, and I sigh when I behold thy face, but I hear no answer except father snoring in the other part of the house.

Oh, that I could hear your welcome shuffle on the gravel once more, or look out of my lonely window and behold your manly form sitting on the fence as in the days of your with your heart full of love for me and your pocket full of peanuts. You know you were always too bashful to come in the house at first, but would sit out and talk about the stock and the turnip-crop while you would all the time be watching for me; your talk might have been most of the time on turnips and pigs, but your mind always ran upon me.

Here in the silence of my newly lathered and plastered room the memory of the past breathes over my spirit in hydrophobic combustion; the memory of the last kiss you ever stamped on my nose still lingers there—

"You may break, you may shatter that vase if you will."

The warmth of that kiss will hang round it still—"it will stay there forever if not always, and as I brood upon the pleasures of the past as a hen broods over her chickens, my heart grows

sorrowful and the tears rise in my eyes, and that mule singing in the stable makes so much noise that I can't write. My spirit is always full of sorrowful sadness when I preponderate over those pleasant old times and think that fortune has deserved us so long. I can hardly content myself to stay here and long to get aboard the next huckster's wagon and fly to you like the lost dove that flies to its lonely mate—there went a bug in the ink.

Does your mind take to the past, dearest, as fondly and tenderly as you used to take to mush and milk? Oh, how you used to love it! I remember you were so fond of music and greens with vinegar over them, and played on an accordion; and I never shall forget, to the last hour of my life, if I should not die before, how sad you looked at our last party when Jim Bildings kissed me four times more than he was condemned to do, and you told me afterward that it was the saddest time you ever had in your life or subsequently.

I knew I would get a letter from you to-day, for I had a predestination of it; something seemed to whisper to my spirit in a still small voice that I should hear from you when I was driving the calves out of the garden, while the early and translucent dew was still lying in crystal light on the late cabbages; and, sure enough, this evening, while my winged mind seemed to leave this poor body and wing its thrilling flight far away to light trembling on thee, and I was busy picking a chicken, your letter was handed to me, and I didn't even wait to wash my hands—indeed I never do.

The very envelope was sweet and I chewed it up. I would have chewed the letter up, but the ink wasn't the best, and it wouldn't have been very good to eat for some of the spelling was spoiled; yet, how fondly I devoured it with my eyes! When you went away you promised to write every minute and then between times—which it is you haven't done. Love is so cheap—only three cents a sheet—that I don't see why you don't send more of it and more frequently; this would please me beyond delicious eyespelas. I have always been prejudiced in your favor.

Upon my lonely meditations to-night brake the sad thought that our bridle cow hasn't come up for two days. I don't know what she has become of herself. If I couldn't think I do not know how I should spend my lonesome time. I am so glad that I have got brains and such a good memory.

I feel that you will always be true to me and adore me, and I went to the ball at Wibble's the other evening and went through the poetry of emotion as one young man remarked who wore kid gloves and a short-sleeved coat.

Oh, that I could but hear your dear footprints to-night, or catch but one single glimpse of your well-remembered voice, I would feel so revivified.

I got a new calico gown, but I don't think much of it as I do of you, and I never could.

It is not altogether this unthankfulness we have to one another for favors where gratitude is shown so much as it is toward Heaven, from whom we receive so many benefits, such as health, happiness, and the like.

Well, it is getting late, and I must attire to my lonely couch presided over by the god Morphine. If you come this way in your dreams, please ring the door-bell. Write if you can even before you get this letter.

Your sleep y

SARAH JANE.

Woman's World.

In this day of economy, when almost every woman is studying how to save expense on dress, the matter of lingerie ought to be closely considered. A lady pays 60 cents for a plain linen collar and cuffs, or twice that sum if there is any particular amount of "finery" on the articles, and thinks them cheap enough. Then she buys a ready-made frill of lace or tulle, as the case may be, and for that she pays from 75 cents to \$1.25, and that isn't much either if the article is pretty. It will not wash, and such things are very frail and can be worn but a few times at best. The collars and cuffs bought by ladies for linen are of course not linen, but very ordinary cotton glazed with French starch and made to look very pretty. But when they are washed, all their demerits are quickly seen. The ends are poorly turned in, the edges are already frayed out, and the button-holes are shamefully finished off. Then if the purchaser is mistress of the needle, she has the work to do over, but let her fix it ever so nicely, the material of which they are made is so ordinary that it never looks well. If she cannot sew, and has no patience to learn, the set looks old and second rate from the start, and she soon discards it for another new pair that will be

OLIO.

BY HAP HAZARD.

TIME'S CHANGES.

What changes come as time flows by!
Our world grows old as I do not deny,
Took me full oft down her knee!
But now upon my knee I hold
One prettier than she of old,
Ah! 'tis a sweet revenge for me!

FOR AN ALBUM.
We met—to part! 'Twas Fate's decree.
A moment, like a sudden gleam
Of light, thy presence dazzled me,
To fade, the echo of a dream!

MY WIFE.

My wife she weighs three hundred pound,
And when the gentle dame falls down
In strong hysterics,
And kicks and screams with might and main,
I run to her to gain
With roast and derricks.

N. B.—Patent applied for.

MISTLETOE VS. MUSTACHE.

If all the silly girls in town
Would come with sprigs of holly,
And hold them o'er a fellow's crown,
Oh! wouldn't it be jolly!
Th' chaps would have a single care
His perfect hair'd dare
To stand in front of war and tear
Sustained by his mustache.
Still, if the dears their mistletoe
Would place Hap Hazard under,
Why, let the blamed old mustache go
To continental thunder!

Little Iola :

OR, LOST IN NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE "MARQUIS" IS ASTONISHED.

IOLA kept her appointment with the "Marquis," and was by him conducted to the boarding-house on Grand street.

Catterton had previously explained to the lady that kept the house the circumstances connected with the street-sweeper, and her rescue from the life of misery that she had led.

The "Marquis," considerately, left a small sum of money in the hands of the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, to be applied to fitting out Iola in a dress more suited to her new station than the shabby one she wore.

The next morning Catterton called to take the adopted sister to the shop which was to be her place of employment for the future. The "Marquis" had seen the foreman of the manufacture, and readily he agreed to receive Iola and teach her the business.

Catterton entered the parlor of the boarding-house, and the landlady, requesting him to be seated, sent for Iola.

In a few minutes the street-sweeper entered this room. The "Marquis" looked at her in astonishment. The change in her appearance from the preceding day was wonderful. She was attired in a neat calico dress, with little white cuffs on her wrists, and a dainty collar around her neck. Her superb tresses of yellow hair—that was of the tint of the wheat-field when the sheen of the sun ripples upon it—was snugly bound up in a little net.

Her blue eyes danced for joy when she saw the "Marquis," and with both hands outstretched, and a bright smile of joy illuminating her face, she ran to him.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she cried.

"Why, Iola!" he exclaimed, surveying the exquisitely-formed little figure before him with admiration—the "Marquis" had a great liking for little women—"this is a change indeed!"

"Yes, don't I look nice?" she cried, in delight.

The innocence of the remark brought a smile to the lips of Catterton.

"Why, you are a perfect little fairy!"

"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"Yes, indeed I do," he replied.

"I am so glad that I please you," she answered.

The cold, callous "Marquis"—the man of the world, whose boyhood had been one long struggle with misery, whose majority had been reached in a gaming-hall, whose school had been the streets, and whose master had been dire necessity—felt a peculiar sensation creep over him, as he looked upon the girl whom he had rescued from that life, the living of which is misery, and the end is shame alone. The sensation was new to him—he had never felt anything like it before.

"There," he said, mentally; "see how a good deed makes a man feel!" And yet, in his short life, the "Marquis" had done many a good deed, and yet had never felt this strange sensation before.

"I am seventeen," answered Iola, quickly, and she looked eagerly into the "Marquis'" eyes, as if to see how he received the news of her age.

The "Marquis" was astonished.

"As old as that?" he said. "Why, even dressed as you are, I should not have taken you to be over fifteen at the most. I thought you were a child."

"Yes, but I am not," she answered, quickly;

"I am quite a woman."

It was evident that Iola had some strong reason for wishing Catterton to consider her something else than a child.

"Yes, quite a woman," he replied, and during this short conversation he had been holding both her hands in his, as she had given them to her joy when she entered.

"Well, Iola," he said, releasing her hands, "are you comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes; real comfortable," she answered; "the lady is so kind."

"Why, Iola," said Catterton, seating himself in a rocking-chair; "I never saw such a change in any one in my life, as in you."

"Yes," she said, bringing a little stool out of a corner and sitting down beside the "Marquis," her chin resting on the arm of the rocking-chair, and her full blue eyes gazing brightly into his face.

"You have not only changed in dress, but your whole nature seems changed," he said, wondering at the same time, as he looked into her face, why he had never noticed what pretty eyes she had before.

"I am free now," she answered, gayly; "before I was a slave. Now I am happy; then I was wretched. A slave, you know, is very rarely happy."

"Yes, but you are not free now," the "Marquis" said, gravely.

Iola looked up, astonished.

"You have a master, and a very terrible one, too."

For a moment the girl looked puzzled; then, suddenly comprehending his meaning, she laughed gayly, and seizing his hand, placed it upon her head.

"Yes, I am a slave, and you are my terrible master. See, I acknowledge it!" Then seizing the other hand in her little fingers, she carried it to her lips and imprinted two little kisses on it. The touch of the little red lips thrilled through his veins.

The "Marquis" was puzzled; he could not account for the strange feelings that agitated him.

Iola still holding his hand tight in her little palms, was looking up into his face with the same adoration that the Hindoo worships the carved god, the symbol of his faith.

Then the "Marquis" noticed how beautiful the hair of the young girl was, how fine and how like silk its softness. And, looking down into the fresh young face, he began to think that a fair young girl of seventeen was about as pretty an object as could be found in the wide, wide world.

"You are willing to be a slave, then?" he asked.

"Yes, your slave," she answered, quickly, "but not any one else's."

"Oh, I sha'n't resign you to any one!" he replied; "but come, I must take you to your future work-shop."

Iola ran upstairs for her hat and cloak. The "Marquis," left alone, felt like a man that had awakened from a vision of bliss—awakened to find it all a dream. His senses were in a whirl. Something was evidently the matter with him, but what that something was he was unable to tell—unable even to guess.

"Confound it!" he cried, rising from his seat, "if doing one good action makes a fellow feel this, what effect would a dozen have upon him?"

Catterton escorted Iola to the paper-box manufacturer, introduced her to the foreman as Miss Iola Thompson, saw her installed as one of the employees of the establishment, and, after promising to call upon her that evening, took his departure.

The "Marquis" walked down Canal street and turned into Broadway. Having nothing particular to do, he strolled up the street. That street of all streets in America; always filled with a busy, bustling crowd, a moving picture of life, always changing, ever vary-

"Oh, they are rattlers, sir!" said the coachman, feeling a natural pride in the beasts that he drove.

"Worth about a thousand, ain't they?" replied the coachman. "I think Mr. Tremaine gave eight hundred for them."

"Well, now, I should call that cheap," said the "Marquis," decidedly, and with another "horsey" look at the beasts, about which in reality he felt as little interest as he did about the man in the moon; but the "Marquis" was after information.

"Yes, they were a bargain."

"How fast can they go? About four minutes, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir; with training, I think they'd make that easy; perhaps cut off a few seconds. They're Hambletonian stock, sir, from up the river," said the driver.

"Good stock! Are they gentle?"

"As lambs, sir."

"I suppose the young lady could drive 'em without danger?"

"What, Miss Essie?" cried the coachman. "Why, she has drove 'em in the Park the other day in a light wagon with young Mr. Tremaine, an' they went beautifully."

"By the way, what's Miss Essie's last name? I never can remember it!" and the "Marquis" had a good reason, for few men have the art of remembering what they never knew.

"Troy, sir." The driver was sure he was talking with an acquaintance of his master.

"Ah, that's it!" cried Catterton, in a tone that indicated wonder at forgetting it. "Isn't Miss Troy some relative of Mr. Tremaine?"

"Yes sir; niece. She's just come from a boarding-school at Troy, sir; been there ever since she was a child. I've heard, sir," the coachman had the natural desire to tell all he knew about the family he lived in, "that she is an orphan without any folks but Mr. Tremaine, and that he's always taken care of her. And I must say, he seems fond of her as if she was his own child."

"Tremaine's a good man," said the "Marquis."

"That he is, sir!" emphatically replied the coachman.

"This is a terrible retribution," he muttered, as the memory of the past came back to him. "This is a justice for me, indeed. I am rightly punished for the old sin."

The rich man closed his eyes with a deep sigh, as if to shut out the memory of the past. Vain hope! For closing the eyes, simply, does not bring forgetfulness.

Back to the mind of Loyal Tremaine came vividly the memory of bygone days. He saw again the face of Christine, the woman he had loved so well that to obtain her he had sinned. The woman who had loved him so well that she had dared all the scorn and contempt of the world for that love—that guilty love that had brought the lightning-stroke of an outraged Heaven down upon her sinful head; that guilty love, that now, after the lapse of sixteen years, had brought a terrible visitation upon the man that had urged the woman to sin, as a punishment for his crime.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine!" No one in this world escapes from the consequences of evil deeds. Years may pass, but in the end retribution will come; not openly, perhaps, in the face of all the world, but silently and secretly. The poison rankling in the veins infests as much pain as the blow of the bludgeon, though one be secret and the other visible to all. Let not mortal think that the dread, unwritten laws of Heaven and of Nature can be broken without punishment falling upon the guilty head of the evil-doer. The punishment may not be apparent except to himself, except to his own nature. He suffers doubly, who suffers silently and alone.

For the first time in his life, Loyal Tremaine understood the feelings which must have seized upon the heart of the young sailor, Walter Averill, when he came back from battling with the tempest and the roaring wild sea waves, and found that his house was desolate; that his household gods—his wife's faith and purity—had fled on the sable wings of night, and left behind naught but despair and desolation.

The steel shaft of remorse was in the soul of Tremaine for his early crime. His own anguish made him understand the anguish that he had caused another to suffer.

"Poor!" cried Tremaine, "tis the cry of the world! Poverty is not a crime, though the dull-headed doots that have sold themselves, body and soul for glittering dross would make it so."

Essie was as fully convinced that she loved Oswald as she was that she was living and breathing.

"Oh, uncle!" she answered, "I am sure I love Oswald, and that I shall never love any one else."

A similar remark has been made in like cases by a hundred girls, who afterward didn't marry the loved one, and did marry some one else. But, as a noted character of fiction has remarked, "Women are so devilish unreliable!"

Essie saw plainly that there was some obstacle in her path to happiness, but what that obstacle was she could not guess.

"Essie, this is a terrible blow to me!" exclaimed Tremaine, and the expression of pain upon his features showed that he spoke the truth.

"Why, uncle, do you object to my loving Oswald?" asked Essie, tremblingly.

"Yes, yes!" she answered.

"I know I am poor," murmured Essie, and tears filled the soft blue eyes despite her efforts to keep them back; for Essie was a brave little girl, and did not often give way to tears.

"Poor!" cried Tremaine, "tis the cry of the world! Poverty is not a crime, though the dull-headed doots that have sold themselves, body and soul for glittering dross would make it so."

Essie, at this moment I would give up all I have in the world, and change places with the poorest workman in New York, if with his poverty I could also buy his honest conscience."

"Why, then, uncle, do you object to my being Oswald's wife?" Essie asked, in astonishment at the unusual vehemence of her uncle's manner.

"Essie, I do not wish to tell you why I object; but I do object. And I ask you to give my son back his promise to be your husband, and to forever crush this love from your heart."

Essie for a moment was silent, busy in thought.

"Why don't you answer, Essie?" exclaimed Tremaine, impatiently; "will you do as I wish?"

"It is so hard to answer you, uncle," Essie replied. "You have always been so good to me, so kind. I have never known any friend in this world but you. You have been father, mother, all to me. You have given me my existence, for your bounty has provided the means by which I live. You have a right to that life. I can not deny it, uncle, and you exert that right; for if I give up Oswald, I give up all that makes my life happy."

The tone of the girl was mournful indeed.

"You will give him up then?" cried Tremaine, hastily.

"If you command me to do so, uncle, I will."

"But I do not command!" exclaimed Tremaine, in despair. "I can not command. I merely ask it."

Essie opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"You do not command it?" she said, in amazement.

"No, no; I have promised that I will not force your will in this matter," replied Tremaine, fearing that, after all, his efforts were useless.

"Then you only ask me?" and the blue eyes brightened; "if I can not do it, you will not be angry with me?"

"No, no, child!" responded Tremaine, sadly.

"I can not be angry with you. Whatever course you take, I believe it is destined by fate. You are but a passive agent in my punishment."

Essie could not understand the meaning of her uncle's strange words.

"Decide—will you yield to my request?" Tremaine's voice was full of entreaty.

"Uncle, I can not," and Essie threw herself on her knees by Tremaine's chair, and gently laid her hands upon his arm, as if in supplication.

"It is fate," murmured Tremaine, looking into the earnest face raised in entreaty. "Poor I can not blame you."

"Oh, uncle!" she cried, "I do not wish to give you pain; perhaps Oswald does not love as well as I. If he wishes me to retract my promise, I will do so, even if it should break my heart."

As a drowning man clutches at straws, so Tremaine seized upon this promise.

The bell summoned the servant.

"Tell Oswald that I wish to see him." The servant retired with the message.

"Vain hope!" Tremaine muttered, to himself; "he will never release her, and the fatal secret must be told."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FATAL SECRET.

In a few minutes after the departure of the servant with the message

lover's face; but the glow of joy that she saw there, caused by her words, convinced her that her promise would not be returned.

"Father, your efforts are useless; I will never ask Essie to release me, and never will I release her. Essie, you are my promised wife, and come good or bad, I shall hold you to your promise."

Essie did not answer with her tongue, but with her eyes she thanked Oswald for the words that had uttered.

Tremaine inwardly groaned in agony of spirit, though outwardly, save in the white lips and deathly pallor of his visage, he gave no sign of emotion.

"Oswald and Essie, you will not be warned!" he cried; "you will not heed my voice, but blindly rush to despair."

"Father, I can not understand the meaning of your words," answered Oswald; "why you should be so strongly opposed to my wedding Essie, I know not; but until you give me a reason for that opposition, I will never willingly resign her."

"Essie," cried Tremaine, in despair, "for the last time I implore you to yield to my wishes and break off this unhappy engagement."

"Oh, uncle!" and Essie again knelt by Tremaine's chair and gazed up into his face, pleadingly, "do not ask me to break my word or to crush the love that is in my heart! In every thing else, uncle, I will do as you wish—will gladly obey you, and even now—if Oswald will but ask it—for your sake, I will give him back his word, though the act make me wretched hereafter."

"Essie, I will never ask it!" cried the son, hastily.

"You will know the truth, then!" exclaimed Tremaine, in bitterness of spirit; "you insist upon learning the fatal truth, that so vainly have striven to keep from you."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" asked Oswald, in amazement, while a terrible apprehension of danger filled his heart.

"Uncle, do explain!" pleaded Essie, while the same feeling of coming danger that hung over Oswald's spirit also laid its chilly fingers upon her.

"I have tried to keep you from loving each other, because your marriage is impossible!" said Tremaine, slowly and in agony.

Oh! how the sin of the past was being avenged. The poisoned chalice was at his lips, placed there by his own hands; sup it he must.

"Impossible!" cried Oswald.

"Impossible!" repeated Essie.

"Father, what can you mean?" exclaimed the son, who felt as if he was in a terrible dream, the waking from which would be fearful.

"Yes, it is impossible!" repeated the father.

"Why impossible?"

Both Oswald and Essie looked at Tremaine with the same expression upon their faces that prisoners being tried for their lives might have while gazing at the judge who held in his hands their fate.

"Why—" and the anguish of the father was terrible indeed. "Heaven forgive me—I must speak the truth even though it kills! Oswald and Essie, your marriage is impossible, for you are brother and sister! Essie, you are my child!"

The fatal—fatal truth came upon the lovers with crushing force.

Oswald reeled back, and but for the friendly support of a chair would have fallen, while Essie, still kneeling by the chair of her uncle, looked into his face with a stony glare, as though the awful words had stricken her into marble.

Tremaine could not bear the fixed look of the blue eyes that were wont to be so soft and loving in their gaze. Hastily he rose from his chair, and raising Essie from her knees, folded her to his heart.

"Essie!" he exclaimed, in anguish, "my poor child, can you forgive me? I have tried to be a father to you, a father in all but the name, and now, because I am your father, I have blighted all your life. My poor child, can you forgive me?"

Essie answered not. Her head was in a whirl. Strange sounds were in her ears; the terrible truth had stunned her.

"Essie," cried the father, anxiously, finding that she did not answer, "why do you not speak? Call me father, and tell me that you forgive me, or I shall go mad!"

With a weary air, Essie raised her head, passed her hand slowly across her forehead, though she had just awakened from a frightful dream and was recalling her scattered and bewildered senses.

"Father—Oswald," she murmured, and then with a sigh she fainted, and but for the arms of Tremaine, would have fallen to the floor.

"Ring the bell, Oswald, quick! she has fainted!" cried the father, in haste.

Like one in a maze, Oswald staggered rather than walked to the table, and touched the bell.

"Oh! can I ever be forgiven for this misery?" murmured Tremaine, in anguish, as he looked upon the haggard features of his son and then upon the pale face of the fainting girl that he held in his arms.

The servant entered in answer to the bell.

"Send Mrs. Harris" (the housekeeper of the Tremaine mansion) "here at once. Tell her that Miss Troy has fainted; quick!"

With eager haste, the servant obeyed the order. In a few minutes, that seemed hours to the anxious father, the servant returned with Mrs. Harris.

"We had better take her to her room, Mr. Tremaine," said the housekeeper, her experience eye quickly perceiving that Essie's faint was a severe one.

"Wait, Oswald, I will return in a moment," said Tremaine, and then with his own hands he bore the fainting girl to her room—which was upon the same floor as the library—and laid her upon the bed.

"Do not leave her, Mrs. Harris," he said; "and if you think there is danger, send for Doctor Dornon at once."

Then Tremaine, leaving the helpless girl in the care of the housekeeper, returned to the library, where he found Oswald sitting motionless by the table in exactly the same position that he had left him in.

The shock of the awful disclosure had stunned the young man. He had grown five years older in looks in the few minutes that had elapsed since the knowledge of the fatal secret had thrown such a cloud upon his brain.

Tremaine carefully closed the door behind him. He did not wish witnesses to the interview that was about to take place.

The father was grieved beyond expression as he beheld the change that ha taken place in his son's face; in that face which an hour before had been so full of life, of hope, of joy; that face that had so proudly bid defiance to the world. Now, the cloud of black despair had settled down upon it. The hope, the joy were gone, and in their place sat desolation.

"Oswald, my son," cried Tremaine.

"Father," replied Oswald, slowly, raising his head to meet his father's gaze, as though he had lost all in the world that made life dear.

"Oswald, can you forgive me, that I have so long kept this secret from you, and then blindly laid in your path the snare that has made wretched your life?"

"Do not speak of it, father; it is my unhappy fortune. You warned me, but I was blind and reckless. I am justly punished for not hearing your words. But, father, I have loved Essie from the moment that she first entered this house. It is my fate to be wretched."

The tone of Oswald was one of settled despair.

"Oswald," said Tremaine, sadly, "words, I know, can not comfort you, yet I owe you an explanation in regard to Essie. It is but right that you should know her history; know also of my sin."

"Father, I do not ask this confidence," said Oswald.

"It is yours by right," answered Tremaine. "The consequences of my fault have not only fallen upon my head, but upon yours also; therefore, listen to me."

Tremaine seated himself, and after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, began:

"Some eighteen years ago I had occasion to visit the town of New Bedford. While there, I became acquainted with a young and pretty girl, the wife of a sailor. He was the captain of a whale-ship, and at that time he was absent on a cruise. He was not expected to return for three years. This lady and I met in society very often. I soon discovered that I loved her, and that she returned my passion. This was my sin, for I had tried to make her love me, knowing that she was legally another's. She did not love her husband, although he was young, handsome and rich. She had been forced, by her folks, who were poor, to marry him. In her heart she hated the chains that bound her to his side, and yet, she was a good, pure woman, despite this pass in which was only guilty in thought, not in nature. The time came for my departure. I went to her house in the afternoon—I was to depart at five—to bid her farewell. She cried bitter tears at the thought that we were forced to separate, for she loved me, Oswald, as well as and purely as ever woman loved a man. I had thought, Oswald, that I had loved your mother, but the first passion did not burn with the intense flame of the second."

Almost as she framed the morbid thought, her lips uttered the words:

"I was not alone."

"Not alone? Who was your companion?"

He raised his eyebrows, not in surprise so much as incredulity as to her forthcoming answer.

Very quietly, in a brave, indifferent way she gave him her reply, never blanching under his gaze.

"I was with Mr. Vivian Ulmestone."

Mr. Carlingford shuddered as if stricken with mortal agony. His eyes filled with a sharp, sudden pain; he recoiled from the touch of her floating drapery.

"That man! Lenore, to think you dare pollute my house with the vile presence of the man I learned but to-night was your lover! To think my wife is so lost to all sense of womanly honor that she deceives her husband—fond fool that he is!—and steals away to meet her lover!"

She listened with an attention that was commanding in its respect; then retorted:

"What have I done so terrible? Is it one of the crimes in your calendar for a woman forced into a marriage repulsive to every fiber of her being, to seek comfort and congenial society with one she does love, and did, and always will?"

Her voice was fairly defiant as it rung out the doom in it.

"Repu...! Lenore, what are you saying? what can you mean when you declare such awful things?"

He was white with the strain of anguish thus cast upon him so mercilessly.

"I mean what I say—that I never cared for you and yours as I worship a hair of his head! Do you understand me now?"

Oswald had listened to the story attentively.

Tremaine paused for a moment; the memory of the past was painful, indeed.

"Time passed on; we heard nothing of the sailor husband, and I began to think that he never would trouble us, or at least not until the divorce was granted—and divorces then were not procured as easily as they are now. But one terrible, stormy night, the sailor discovered his wife's retreat, and while he was reproaching her bitterly for what she had done, the lightning, flashing through the open window, struck her dead at his feet."

Oswald shuddered at the fearful story, while for a moment Tremaine paused in deep agitation at the remembrance of the terrible tragedy.

"And Essie, father?" he asked; "how did you obtain possession of her? I should have thought that he, the husband, would have taken her."

"No, he left the house without disturbing the infant; possibly in his anger he had not noticed it. I gave a newsboy, who had witnessed the terrible scene that ended in the death of Essie's mother, a hundred dollars to procure the child for me."

"And what was the name of this woman and her husband?" asked Oswald.

"The sailor's name was Walter Averill, her name was Christine."

A loud cry, seemingly of one stricken with mortal anguish, broke upon the stillness of the library. Amazed, Tremaine and his son started to their feet. Then came the sound of a heavy fall.

"What can be the matter?" cried Tremaine.

"It came from the closet in this room!" exclaimed Oswald.

Both the men hurried to the closet door at the further end of the apartment and hastily opened it. And there, in a dead swoon upon the floor of the closet, lay the old man, Whitehead, the secretary.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 227.)

Two Girls' Lives: OR, STRANGELY-CROSSED PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BAREBRA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL THE HUSBAND'S DISCOVERY.

MRS. CARLINGFORD stopped, aghast with astonishment and wonder.

"Lenore!"

It was all he said, but his tone was terrible.

She felt what he meant, even amid the broiling tumult of her whirling thoughts; and as she heard his voice, and looked, half-doggedly, at him, she compassed him, her jailer, to the man who possessed her heart—heaving so suffocatingly as it was that moment. What should she say—the truth?

He spoke again, but in a stern, distant way, that half-maddened her to think was her keeper's voice.

"How is it I find you here? An hour ago your maid said you were asleep."

"I—I—was asleep. I felt better when I awoke and wanted fresh air, and came out for a short turn."

He looked at her incredulously.

"Fresh air was obtainable nearer home, and in a less elaborate dress. Lenore, what does it mean? I never had a suspicion when your

door was locked against me, but now—now, Lenore, there is a mystery whose dread has seized me. What does it mean?"

His grave, searching eyes were on her burning face, peering into her very soul.

"I don't know what you mean. I said I came out for air, and you refuse to credit my statement. I am not responsible if you do not choose to believe me."

His face flushed painfully.

"Would any one credit such a flimsy excuse? It grieves me to say it, but, Lenore, I believe you are not—"

"What—true to you?"

She eagerly caught his unfinished sentence and finished it in a far different manner from what he intended; finished it with the very proof of her falsity when she attempted to deny it.

Mr. Carlingford fairly groaned in agony; his suggestion, so strangely given, opened his eyes in a second.

"I would not have said it," he returned, huskily. "You are your own accuser. Where have you been? I demand an answer."

She quailed for a moment under his stern eyes.

"Only—to the Chapel, to Lady Augusta's grave."

He made a gesture of horror.

"Don't mention her name, I command! To the Mosque—alone!"

Should she lie? what need had she deny a falsehood, who was acting constantly so foul a falsehood?

And yet, if confession risked her lover's safety! and a something in her husband's eyes she never had seen there before, hinted so.

Fear—not for the hideous lie she should tell to save him—but fear for his not coming again, to contest a moment with the overwhelming desire to confess it, and see what her husband in his wrath would do.

Almost as she framed the morbid thought, her lips uttered the words:

"I was not alone."

"Not alone? Who was your companion?"

He raised his eyebrows, not in surprise so much as incredulity as to her forthcoming answer.

"I was with Mr. Vivian Ulmestone."

Mr. Carlingford shuddered as if stricken with mortal agony. His eyes filled with a sharp, sudden pain; he recoiled from the touch of her floating drapery.

"That man! Lenore, to think you dare pollute my house with the vile presence of the man I learned but to-night was your lover!"

She listened with an attention that was commanding in its respect; then retorted:

"What have I done so terrible? Is it one of the crimes in your calendar for a woman forced into a marriage repulsive to every fiber of her being, to seek comfort and congenial society with one she does love, and did, and always will?"

Her voice was fairly defiant as it rung out the doom in it.

"Repu...! Lenore, what are you saying? what can you mean when you declare such awful things?"

He was white with the strain of anguish thus cast upon him so mercilessly.

"I mean what I say—that I never cared for you and yours as I worship a hair of his head!"

He hesitated a second, as if battling with himself, and then offered her his arm.

"Ah!" stammers Calhoun, "I was excited with chasing it. I'd got angry at the cursed thing, and was determined to put an end to its capers."

"Never mind, then," interposes Zeb; "I'll make a inspecsun o' it. Ye—es," he continues, riding nearer and keeping his eyes fixed upon the strange shape; "ye—es, it's the body o' a man, an' no mistake! Dead as a buck, an' stiff as a haunch o' venison in hard frost!"

"Hello!" he exclaims, on raising the skirt of the serape, "it's the body o' the man whose murderer's been tried—yur own cousin—young Peindexter! It is, by the eturnal!"

"I believe you are right. By heaven, it is he!"

"Geehosphat!" proceeds Zeb, after counterfeiting surprise at the discovery, "this ain't the mysteriousest thing o' all. Wal, I reck'n there's no use our stayin' hyur to spek'late upon it. Besset think we kin do's to take the body back, jest as it's set in the saddle—which it appears putty firm. I know the hoss, too; an' Ireck'n he'll cum along 'ithout much coaxin'. Gee up ole gurl! an' make y'urself know'd to him. Thur, now! Don't ye see it's a previous acquaintance o' yours? though sarting the critter hev had rough usage o' late; an' ye must well be excused for not recognizin' him. T'air some time since he's hed a curry to his skin."

While the hunter is speaking, the horse betrodden by the dead body, and the old mare, place their snouts in contact—then withdraw them with a sniff of recognition.

"I thort so," exclaims Zeb, taking hold of the strayed bridle and detaching it from the mezquite; "the stellun's boun' to lead quietly enuf—so long as he's in cumpny with the ma'r. 'T all events, 'twon't be necessary to cut his throat to keep him from runnin' away. Now, Mister Calhoun," he continues, glancing stealthily at the other, to witness the effect produced by his speeches; "don't ye think we'd better start right away? The trial may be goin' on; an' of so, we may be wanted to take a part in it. I reck'n that we've got a witness hyar, as 'll do somethin' torst illocatin' the case—either to the hangin' the mow-stanger, or, what air more likely, chargin' him althogether of the charge. Wal, air ye riddy to leave the back track?"

"Oh, certainly. As you say, there's no reason for our remaining here."

Zeb moves off first, leading the captive alongside of him. The latter makes no resistance; but rather seems satisfied at being conducted in company. Calhoun rides slowly—a close observer might say reluctantly—in the rear. At a point where the path angles abruptly round a clump of trees, he reins up, and appears to consider whether he should go on or gallop back. His countenance betrays terrible agitation. Zeb Stump, admonished by the interrupted footfall, becomes aware that his companion has stopped. He pulls up his mare; and facing round, regards the loiterer with a look of interrogation. He observes the agitated air, and perfectly comprehends its cause. Without saying a word, he lowers his long rifle from its rest upon his left shoulder; lays it across the hollow of his arm, ready at an instant's notice to be carried to his cheek. In this attitude he sits eying the ex-captain of cavalry. There is no remark made. None is needed. Zeb's gesture is sufficient. It plainly says—"Go back if ye dare!" The latter, without appearing to notice it, takes the hint, and moves silently on. But no longer is he permitted to ride in the rear. Without saying it, the old hunter has grown suspicious, and makes an excuse for keeping behind—with which his *compagnon du voyage* is compelled to put up. The cavalcade advances slowly through the chaparral. It approaches the open prairie. At length the sky line comes in sight. Something seen upon the distant horizon seems to impress Calhoun with a fresh feeling of fear; and, once more reining up, he sits considering. Dread is the alternative that occupies his mind. Shall he plunge back into the thicket, and hide himself from the eyes of men? Or go on and brave the dark storm that is fast gathering around him? He would give all he owns in the world—all that he ever hopes to own—even Louise Poindexter herself—to be relieved of the hated presence of Zeb Stump—to be left for ten minutes alone with the Headless Horseman! It is not to be. The sleuth-hound, that has followed him thus far, seems more than ever inexorable. Though loth to believe it, instinct tells him that the old hunter regards him as the real captive, and makes an attempt on his part to steal away, will but end in his receiving a bullet in the back!

After all, what can Zeb Stump say, or do? There is no certainty that the backwoodsman knows anything of the circumstance that is troubling him?

And after all, there may be nothing to be known? It is evident that Zeb is suspicious. But what of that? Only the friendless need fear suspicion; and the ex-officer is not one of these. Unless the little tell-tale be discovered, he has nothing to fear; and what chance of its being discovered? One against ten. In all likelihood it stayed not where it was sent, but was lost in the secret recesses of the chaparral?

Influenced by this hope, Calhoun regains courage; and with an air of indifference, more assumed than real, he rides out into the open prairie—close followed by Zeb Stump on his critter—the dead body of Henry Poindexter bringing up the rear.

CHAPTER XCIII.

A BODY BEHEADED.

FORSAKEN by two-thirds of its spectators—abandoned by one-half of the jury—the trial taking place under the tree is of necessity interrupted. There is no adjournment of the Court—only an interregnum, unavoidable, and therefore tacitly agreed to. The interlude occupies about an hour; during which the judge smokes a couple of cigars; takes about twice that number of drinks from the bottle of peach brandy; chats familiarly with the counsel, the fragment of the jury, and such spectators as, not having horses, or caring to give them a gallop, have stayed by the tree. There is no difficulty in finding a subject of conversation. That is furnished by the incident that has just transpired—strange enough to be talked about not only for an hour, but an age. The spectators converse of it, while with excited feelings they await the return of those who have started on the chase. They are in hopes that the Headless Horseman will be captured. They believe that his capture will not only supply a clue to the mystery of his being, but will also throw light on that of the murderer. Therese is one among them who could explain the first—though ignorant of the last. The accused could do this; and will, when called upon to continue his confession. Under the direction of the judge, and by the advice of his counsel, he is for the time preserving silence.

After a while the pursuers return, not all together, but in straggling squads—as they have desparingly abandoned the pursuit. All bring back the same story. None of them has been

near enough to the headless rider to add one iota to what is already known of him. His entity remains mythical as ever! It is soon discovered that two who started in the chase have not reappeared. They are the old hunter and the ex-captain of volunteers. The latter has been last seen heading the field, the former following not far behind him. No one saw either of them afterward. Are they still continuing on? Perhaps they may have been successful? All eyes turn toward the prairie, and scan it with inquiring glances. There is an expectation that the missing men may be seen on their way back—with a hope that the Headless Horseman may be along with them. An hour elapses, and there is no sign of them—either with or without the wished-for captives. Is the trial to be further postponed? The counsel for the prosecution urges its continuance; while he for the accused is equally desirous of its being delayed. The latter moves an adjournment till to-morrow: his plea the absence of an important witness in the person of Zeb Stump, who has not yet been examined. There are voices that clamor for the case to be completed. There are paid *claqueurs* in the crowd composing a Texan court as in the pit of a Parisian theater. The real tragedy was its supporters, as well as the sham! The clamors succeed in carrying their point. It is decided to go on with the trial—as much of it as can be got through without the witness who is absent. He may be back before the time comes for calling him. If not, the court can then talk about adjournment. So rules the judge; and the jury signify their assent. The spectators do the same. The prisoner is once more directed to stand up, and continue the confession so unexpectedly interrupted.

"You were about to tell us what you saw," proceeds the counsel for the accused, addressing himself to his client. "Go on, and complete your statement. What was it you saw?"

"A man lying at full length upon the grass."

"Asleep?"

"Yes; in the sleep of death."

"Dead?"

"More than dead, if that were possible. On bending over him, I saw that he had been headed!"

"What! his head cut off?"

"Just so. I did not know it till I knelt down beside him. He was upon his face—with the head in its natural position. Even the hat was still on it!"

"I was in hopes he might be asleep; though I had a presentiment there was something amiss. The arms were extended too stiffly for a sleeping man. So were the legs. Besides, there was something red upon the grass, and in the dim light I had not at first seen."

"As I stooped low to look at it, I perceived a strange odor—the salt smell that proceeds from human blood."

"I no longer doubted that it was a dead body I was bending over, and I set about examining it."

"I saw there was a gash at the back of the neck, filled with red, half-coagulated blood. I saw that the head was severed from the shoul-

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 205.)

The Irish Captain: A TALE OF FONTENAY.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI. A HASTY WEDDING.

TWO large traveling carriages are waiting before the principal gate of the Chateau Gaillard, which is all ablaze with lights, echoing to the strains of bands, the buzz of gay conversation and laughter, for a magnificent ball is given in honor of the victory and all the world is there, or at least the court.

"I am very sorry, count, and you, mademoiselle, but his majesty is in a very strange humor to-night, and he insists on nothing less than that you two shall be immediately married together, and leave for Berlin to-night."

Therese looked at him between her fingers.

"Do you mean you love me, and offer to wed a girl whose name is tainted with—"

"It's not exactly fair to say what Gerald did here. Enough that he met her eyes full and read their secret."

Voltaire opened the door and hustled toward two people, who were sitting at opposite sides of a very large boudoir, as if they were strangers. He looked perplexed as he said:

"I am very sorry, count, and you, mademoiselle, but his majesty is in a very strange humor to-night, and he insists on nothing less than that you two shall be immediately married together, and leave for Berlin to-night."

The old gentleman is somewhat amazed to hear the count answer, coolly:

"Very well, Monsieur Voltaire, I am extremely happy and thankful to his majesty. I am ready."

Voltaire looks from one to the other with a quizzical grin.

"Oho! Oho! So it is understood. Well, I can tell you one thing, monsieur that his majesty does not order this to oblige you, so much as to get rid of both of you."

"I know it. But the result is the same. For me, I never wish to see France again. I take to Berlin all the land has to offer to me when I take Therese."

"And I will follow you to the world's end," says Therese.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
A LETTER AND ANSWER.

"EMBASSY OF FRANCE,
BERLIN, PRUSSIA, JULY 1, 1745.

"A Madame,"

"Madame la Marquise de Pompadour."

"MADAM AND VERY DEAR FRIEND:—According to your desire, I write to you at the earliest possible date, with news of my mission. It has been entirely successful, and his majesty of Prussia has been more than gracious, positively caressing toward me. He is there no doubt a man of the greatest power of mind, and a magnificent warrior, but as a guest in a drawing room he has several faults. Particularly, he writes execrable French verses, and plays on a flute in the most inglorious style, racking to the nerves of even a philosopher. The Prussians are, beyond all things, and instead of all things, good soldiers. Cabbage and beer seem to be their only food, and one must take a large-sized auger and bore a hole in their heads if he would get them to understand a stroke of wit. The king (of Prussia) is more French than Prussian. He even hates his own tongue, and speaks nothing but French. Yesterday we signed the treaty, which I send you herewith, by embassy courier, with dispatches."

"And now for our little Secret of Legation and his young wife. I must say that Count Desmond is a man of the most varied talents, and I congratulate you on having induced the king to appoint him. Between ourselves, it was just as well. His majesty of France is jealous, and the sight of one who was a rival, even defeated, is not agreeable, near one. It was lucky for us that Etioles was killed by those oblique English. As for madame la comtesse, it is enough to say that Therese Desmond is more lovely than ever was Therese Le Normand. She seems very happy, and the count is ridiculously in love with her. Only one point do I quarrel with him and her about. *Neither will ever mention your name.* If I speak of it, both maintain an obstinate silence, and I can not induce them to talk of you either in praise or abuse. I can not think that this is even common gratitude to one whose favor has done so much for them. You are, still, as a philosopher, I langt at them both. I suppose it is some notion they have of honor. Beign, madam, to accept the assurance of my unbounded devotion."

"Your very humble servant,

"F. ARQUET DE VOLTAIRE."

"VERSAILLES GRAND TRIANON,
AUGUST 1, 1745.

"A Monsieur,"

"Monsieur de Voltaire,"

"Emassador Extraordinary from France to Prussia, at Berlin."

"Then I can but wish you a good journey, count."

"She stands in the boudoir of madame, impregnable in her dark beauty, for she is attired for the ball. Gerald bows low before her, and then lingers awkwardly. Therese is very pale."

"Did you notice whether repeated strokes had been given? Or had the severance been effected by a single cut?"

"There might have been more than one. But there was no appearance of chopping. The first cut was a slash, and must have gone nearly if not quite through. It was made from the back of the neck and at right-angles to the spine. From that I knew that the poor fellow must have been down on his face when the stroke was delivered."

"Had you any suspicion why or by whom the foul deed had been done?"

"Not then, not the slightest. I was so horrified, I could not reflect. I could scarce think it real."

"When I became calmer, and saw for certain that a murder had been committed, I could only account for it by supposing that there had been Comanches upon the ground, and that, meeting young Poindexter, they had killed him out of sheer wantonness."

"But then there was his scalp untouched—even the hat still upon his head!"

"You changed your mind about it being Indians?"

"I did."

"Who did you think it might be?"

"At the time, I did not think of any one. I had never heard of Henry Poindexter having an enemy, either here or elsewhere. I have since had my suspicions. I have them now."

"State them."

"I object to the line of examination," inter-

posed the prosecuting counsel. "We don't want to be made acquainted with the prisoner's suspicions. Surely it is sufficient if he be allowed to proceed with his *very plausible tale!*"

"Let him proceed, then," directs the judge, igniting a fresh Havana.

"State how you yourself acted," pursues the examiner. "What did you do after making the observations you have described?"

"For some time I scarce knew what to do. I was so perplexed by what I saw beside me. I felt convinced that it had been a murder; and equally so that it had been done by the shot—the same I had heard."

"But who could have fired it? Not Indians. Of that I feel sure."

"I thought of some *prairie-pirate*, who might have intended plunder. But this was equally improbable. My Mexican blanket was worth a hundred dollars. That would have been taken. It was not, nor any thing else that I can imagine. Mademoiselle, I met you only the second time I saw her, and you saved my life by a timely warning. A second time I met you, and again you came to warn me. In my mad passion for a bad woman I slighted the warning, and met—ruin. Mademoiselle, my punishment now is, that, loving you as I do more than my life, recognizing in you the real angel I fancied in her, I see that I have thrown away the whole happiness of my life, and in slighting you have made you hate me. I know that I deserve it, and I bow to your decision, mademoiselle; when I am far away from you I will pray that you may be happy: I am self-doomed to solitary despair."

"I was retiring slowly when she rose up eagerly.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a low tone. "I hate you! Are you mad or mocking me?"

"It was filled with me with astonishment with horror."

"Without attempting to explain it, I believed me of what was best to be done."

"To stay by the dead body could serve no purpose. To bury it would have been equally idle."

"Then I thought of galloping back to the Fort, and getting assistance to carry it to Casa del Corvo."

"But if I left it in the chaparral, the coyotes might discover it; and both they and the buzzards would be at it before we could get back. Already the vultures were above—taking their early flight. They appeared to have espied it."

"Mutilated as was the young man's form, I could not think of leaving it, to be made still more so. I thought of the tender eyes that must soon behold it—in tears.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 205.)

Gerald is silent awhile, then he speaks with a certain gravity of demeanor that shows he has made up his mind to a solemn duty, and is about to perform it.

"Mademoiselle Therese Le Normand," he says, "I am about to do a thing that will lower me in your esteem, and yet I owe it in honor to you to tell the truth. Mademoiselle, a few months ago I saw and loved one whom—I will not mention again while I have breath. I thought her a pure and perfect being, and I found when too late that I had loved a wile thing. Mademoiselle, I met you only the second time I saw her, and you saved my life by a timely warning. A second time I met you, and again you came to warn me. In my mad passion for a bad woman I slighted the warning, and met—ruin. Mademoiselle, my punishment now is, that, loving you as I do more than my life, recognizing in you the real angel I fancied in her, I see that I have thrown away the whole happiness of my life, and in slighting you have made you hate me. I know that I deserve it, and I bow to your decision, mademoiselle; when I am far away from you I will pray that you may be happy: I am self-doomed to solitary despair."

"I was retiring slowly when she rose up eagerly.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a low tone. "I hate you! Are you mad or mocking me?"

"It was filled with me with astonishment with horror."

"Without attempting to explain it, I believed me of what was best to be done."

"To stay by the dead body could serve no purpose. To bury it would have been equally idle."

"Then I thought of galloping back to the Fort, and getting assistance to carry it to Casa del Corvo."

THE DENTIST.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

He is a most peculiar man,
Of this you can not doubt.
He gains the beefsteak for his teeth
By pulling others' out.
And I, if I may be allowed,
Might strain a point and say
That like the ancient ivy vine
He lives upon decay.
With aching tooth to him you go;
With steps that long to swerve,
Your heart is wonderfully weak—
Your tooth has too much nerve.
You tell him that you want it out;
He tells you he will do it;
And then as sure as you alive
He pulls out the next one to it!
The expression that he makes is oft
Quite favorable and strong;
And though he may be rather slow
He's pulling right along.
If you should talk while he's at work—
A thing I've often tried—
He'll tell you quick to hold y'ur tongue—
A little to one side.
He plays his trade with utmost pains;
We know this with remorse;
And while he fills your teeth with gold
He also fills his purse.
He pries your mouth so very wide
You tremble at the thought
That he might accidentally
Go tumbling down your throat.

Camp and Canoe;
or,
LIFE IN THE CANADA WILDS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

VII.—CHARMING A RATTLESNAKE.

"It was thirty years ago, I think, and I was out with a party in the wilds of Pennsylvania. It was wild in those days, for the mountains of the Keystone State were rough and rugged enough to make little inducement for a man to settle there for good. But, to make up for the lack of humans, there was what Jim Bent calls an "overpush" of b'ars, catamounts and such cattle—just the kind of inhabitants to suit an old hunter. And snakes! Lord love your hearts alive, boys; the woods and mountains were just boiling over with them, and it was a common thing for the party to kill two or three big rattlesnakes in a day. But, there is one thing about a rattlesnake that is in his favor. He gives you warning before he strikes.

"We camped on the mountain side that night, after a long day's hunt, and the boys were tired out; so, after supper, when we had built up a fire—for the nights were chilly in that season of the year—the rest laid down in their blankets and left me to keep camp. You see I was more used to the rough life than the rest, and wasn't near so tired. It wasn't such a place as this, boys, but a rough country, with nothing about but croppings of ledges, stunted pines, scrub-oak and such like—the kind you always see in a rough country like that. I lighted my pipe, for I've learned to make a companion of it in my lonely hours. I ain't got much patience with the kind of critters that get up a row about tobacco, and tell how it shortens a man's life. Maybe it's so; but I don't think it, and no man can pound it into me. I raked up the fire, put on some more fat pine, which soon made a roaring blaze, and began to enjoy myself. I like to sit in camp in the night, when the fire is hot, and watch the boys asleep, for I've been a kind of protector to them ever since I was a kid.

"The man nearest to me was a youngster from the towns, studying for a minister, that had wore himself out with hard work, and wanted a few weeks of this rough mountain life to set him up again. His name was James Martin, and he was just the sort of youngster I cotton to wherever I meet them. Maybe my religion isn't orthodox, but it is the religion that teaches me this: all men are brothers, the strong should help the weak, and the rich have mercy on the poor! If any man can show me a better religion than that, I want an introduction to him. And James Martin was one of those simple-hearted men that only have one word in their creed—love. He made our camp the better for his being in it, and we didn't hear a rough or profane word from any of the fellows, because they could not stand the reproachful look in his eyes when he heard such words. And some of the boys swore by note, too, but they put the snaffle on when James was by.

"I was looking at him as he lay asleep, and thinking what a calm and peaceful face he had, and how I would try to set him up and make him strong, when I saw something coiled up on the blanket across his breast that made me start and shiver, as if ice had been poured into my veins. It was a rattlesnake, looking at him with erected head, and eyes that glittered like the shiny ring on Lyme's finger; a diamond, I reckon. I saw something more: James Martin was awake, and his eyes were fixed upon the snake in a helpless, bewildered way, as if he had not the power to move hand or foot. It was well for him that he did not have that power, for the first move he made those fangs would be buried in his flesh, and I didn't know so much about snake-bites as I do now, and feared them more, because I didn't know the antidote. I whispered so that he could hear me:

"For Heaven's sake don't move; keep still, if you can!"

"He was a Christian, and death was not so terrible to him as some men. Dan knows how it feels to be in the power of a serpent—don't you, old man?"

"Ugh; don't talk of it," pleaded Dan. "I can't bear to think of it."

"Your black snake was dangerous, but not poisonous, and I was wild with fear as I looked at the snake. He raised his head a little higher when I whispered, and I expected to hear the sound of the rattle, which comes before the blow. But, I kept still, and young Martin had power enough over his nerves not to move a muscle. I didn't know what to do, any more than the dead. My rifle was within reach, leaning against a tree, and I was a good shot, but you all know that a man is not safe to hit so small a thing as the head of a snake, by the flickering light of a camp-fire, 'specify if the snake lays on the breast of a man you love right well. Once or twice I reached for the rifle, but I couldn't bring myself to use it except as a last desperate resort. It was awful to sit there and wait, helpless and in agony, waiting for something—I knew not what. I had almost made up my mind to take the chances on the rifle, but I knew that Martin was doomed if I missed, for the snake would lay the racket to him, and bite. My hand was on the rifle, and I was drawing it toward me slowly, when I thought of something which stopped my hand, and I picked up my fiddle, which lay upon the ground at the foot of the tree. I had heard somewhere that the snake loves music, and will follow whenever he hears it. Never heard me fiddle, any of you? Well,

boys, if there is any thing I can do—and do well—it is to scrape the fiddle-strings. I've got one in my kit, and pretty soon I'll let you hear it, for the old man is a little proud of the way he slings his bow.

"I didn't half believe that the charm would work, but I made up my mind to try it once, and see what there was in the story. It might be true, and if it was, I might save a life; so I crept away a little, sat down on the ground with a good-sized club handy, set the old Cremona to my shoulder—and began to play!

"It's no use to talk, but the moment they had touched the strings, I forgot everything except the music. It wasn't a loud, snappy, screeching tune, such as some players wring out of a violin; but a sweet, tender piece, one of the best I played. My fiddle was in good trim, and if I ever played in my life, I played that night.

"Not one of the boys waked, and it was lucky for poor Martin that they did not, for they would have been sure to make a stir, and scare the snake. I had not played three bars, when the rattlesnake raised his head, and seemed to look everywhere to see where the music came from. I could see the diamond eyes glitter in the light of the fire as the sweet music went on, and my heart beat wildly, for I began to think that perhaps, after all, there was some truth in the story I had heard from the Indians.

"Would he come away from Martin, and follow the music?

"At first it seemed as if he would, for he partly uncoiled himself, and raised his head higher to look; but, after that, he coiled himself up again, and laid his head down close to Martin's face. Now that the glittering eyes were not looking into his, the charm had lost its power, and the youngster was fully aware of his danger, and the sweat was running off him like water. It took pluck to lay still, but he did it and I kept on playing.

"Again the snake raised his head, and seemed to listen, and then, to my great delight, he unclosed himself and slid slowly off the blanket, and came toward me. I was wild now, and played 'for keeps.' Every note was perfect, for I thought that if he liked music, he ought to have it good. He only went a little way, and then stopped close to Jim Bent, and I didn't dare to move yet, but played on as if my life depended on it. Now the snake moved again, and I saw the glittering eyes looking into mine, not six feet away. Then I dropped the fiddle, and the way I played on that slimy villain with the club was a sin to snakes, and lesson to this one in particular. And if you will believe it, when the boys jumped up, half a dozen snakes, which had been enticed out of the rocks by the music, put for their holes when they heard the noise. The music had saved James Martin's life, and he loves a fiddle to this day. He's got the rattle of the snake—fourteen rings in it besides the button—and he plays it well. And that's my snake-story, lads. Now for a little music, and then—blankets."

"And, searching for his violin, the guide played as I have seldom heard another man, and we sat entranced while the sweet music echoed across the silent lake. And, after we were in our blankets, he sat there still, his pipe in his mouth, and played low, tenderness, which lulled us, one by one, into sweet repose—under the bending trees.

A Very Natural Mistake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I'll do it, by Jupiter Ammon! I tell you, Rich, I'm more mortal if I can stand this boarding-house business a week longer. You needn't laugh, you dog; or, rather, you wouldn't laugh, if you had to make one towel last a week, and a mighty slavery one, at that! And when it came to a hair-pin in the batter-cakes yesterday morning—ah!"

"I've often told you you were foolish to board, doctor. Why don't you sleep at the office and take your meals at my hotel? Or else have—"

"I've made up my mind what I shall do, old fellow; and next week there won't a soul in this blessed city get a glimpse of my face in a hurry."

"I've often told you you were foolish to board, doctor. Why don't you sleep at the office and take your meals at my hotel? Or else have—"

"I declare I wouldn't have believed it of Aden! A married man with a family—and he sporting around and palming himself off for a young fellow! No wonder he was so awfully anxious to get off for a month! I tell you, Julie, Dr. Vance'll be the better off, by a considerable, for this. Married! by Jupiter!"

And the girl listened, and thought of the handsome little fellow riding on the gate whose name was Harry Aden, of the stylish, ladylike, girlish woman in the doorway—and of Dr. Aden's eyes that were continually haunting her.

It didn't break her heart; she didn't even feel like crying, or anything of the sort; but she certainly did feel very lonely, and heart-sore, and disappointed, as they rode back to their hotel.

That same morning Julie's maid packed their trunks to go to Saratoga; and that night there stretched many a mile between Dr. Harry Aden and Julie Drexel.

The seaside, the springs, the mountains, and the country, had returned their summer influx of visitors to the city, and the tide of home had once more set strongly in.

Dr. Aden had returned from his vacation long before any one else thought of coming home, because, as he told Rich, as they smoked and gossiped in his new boarding-house, he considered it his duty to be thankful for even June off—a doctor had no business being away when the city was the sickliest.

Now, in late September, the Drexels were at home, and Dr. Aden was delighted at the prospect of seeing Julie that very night. Of course, it was soon, after their return, to call, but he was a privileged friend, and besides, Mr. Rufus Drexel's card was among the first left at his box up in the Adirondacks.

He had been so terribly disappointed when he came back that day to Raven's Nest, and found he had missed the only guests he cared to see. He had ridden over to the Drexels' hotel that evening, but found them gone. And to-night his heart was beating high at the thought of seeing Julie once more.

Harry fired up on the instant.

"I know of no reason why I should not inquire for your daughter, or why I require the least attention from you."

He was as brave and bold as a lion; and he was just as cool as Mr. Drexel was enraged.

"You don't! You don't! Is the man crazy?"

Why, why—why, I saw it with my own eyes—so did Julie—and you come here, you dare come here and pretend entire ignorance of it all."

Harry's face was a study at that moment. Surprise, bewilderment, frankness, amusement, all depicted in the wide eyes and frowning forehead.

"How dare you come here, sir, and inquire for my daughter? I am the suitable person to attend to you."

Harry fired up on the instant.

"I know of no reason why I should not inquire for your daughter, or why I require the least attention from you."

He was as brave and bold as a lion; and he was just as cool as Mr. Drexel was enraged.

"You don't! You don't! Is the man crazy?"

Why, why—why, I saw it with my own eyes—so did Julie—and you come here, you dare come here and pretend entire ignorance of it all."

Harry's face was a study at that moment. Surprise, bewilderment, frankness, amusement, all depicted in the wide eyes and frowning forehead.

"Nearly ready, Julie!"

"Nearly ready, papa."

It was a sweet, frank voice that answered Mr. Drexel from within the sitting-room of their suite at the hotel; a clear, girlish voice, that somehow prepared one for the presence of the sprightly, joyous girl who came out of the room a moment later.

She was wonderfully pretty, this Julie Drexel, who had captivated many a lover with her bonny ways and the flashes from her bright-blue eyes; but who, heart-whole and free, had merrily laughed at and tenderly commiserated each sighing lover, until—

"Well, she wasn't hopelessly in love with Dr. Harry Aden, for all she thought about him more than was strictly wholesome, professionally speaking.

However, since she and the young physician had become such good friends, certain it was that Julie cared for his society more, and other gentlemen's less, than before, and papa Drexel, when Dr. Aden dropped in so very casually, the night before he migrated to "Raven's Nest," begged him and Miss Julie to favor him with at least a call, papa Drexel nodded his wise head sagaciously, and calmly consented, if it were convenient, when he and Julie were touring among the Adirondacks, to call

"It's no use to talk, but the moment they had bowed, I forgot everything except the music. It wasn't a loud, snappy, screeching tune, such as some players wring out of a violin; but a sweet, tender piece, one of the best I played. My fiddle was in good trim, and if I ever played in my life, I played that night.

"I beg to be informed," he said, stiffly, eying Harry half threateningly.

"It is only a slight mistake—I never thought of it in this connection before—but you have taken my guests—my brother, Dr. Aden—a D. of Cincinnati—and his wife and child, my little namesake, as my property. Mr. Drexel, I wouldn't blame Miss Julie for the error, but for you—a man of your age and knowledge of the world to suppose I could either maintain a double life, or am the man with such a taste—I am surprised."

And, somehow, Mr. Drexel didn't feel comfortable under the fire of the doctor's honest eyes.

But—he accepted the correction, and was man enough to say so.

And then he called Julie down.

And when Harry Aden, M. D., had taken his leave that night, Julie Drexel had promised that she would be a real good sister-in-law to Harry Aden's mamma, Dr. Aden, D. D. S.

"You speak in riddles. Might I ask what it was you and Miss Julie saw?"

"Might you ask? Oh, hear the rascal! Might I ask how is your wife and son Harry?"

Mr. Drexel felt that to be a clincher. He expected to see Dr. Aden shrivel up like a piece of parchment under the undeniable evidence, and here—she the handsome young fellow only frowned the more astoundingly, and then—a light suddenly dawning in his eyes—there spread over his face a smile that was the very essence of merriment.

Mr. Drexel stared, as surprised now as Harry had been a moment before.

"I beg to be informed," he said, stiffly, eying Harry half threateningly.

"It is only a slight mistake—I never thought of it in this connection before—but you have taken my guests—my brother, Dr. Aden—a D. of Cincinnati—and his wife and child, my little namesake, as my property. Mr. Drexel, I wouldn't blame Miss Julie for the error, but for you—a man of your age and knowledge of the world to suppose I could either maintain a double life, or am the man with such a taste—I am surprised."

And, somehow, Mr. Drexel didn't feel comfortable under the fire of the doctor's honest eyes.

But—he accepted the correction, and was man enough to say so.

And then he called Julie down.

And when Harry Aden, M. D., had taken his leave that night, Julie Drexel had promised that she would be a real good sister-in-law to Harry Aden's mamma, Dr. Aden, D. D. S.

How the Mate Won a Wife.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE trading-ship Watchman was speeding on her way to the Monrovia Settlement, Africa.

One afternoon, just as land hove in sight, the captain's daughter, Berta—a lovely young girl of eighteen, with a fine form and peculiarly expressive blue eyes—stood on the quarter-deck conversing with Walter Merle, the son of the bark's owner, who had taken passage aboard the vessel.

Berta's beauty and gentle manners had made an impression on the young man, who, although possessing some good traits of character, was too much of a fop and too conceited to please this girl. To the bluff old skipper, her father, he had stated that he was *willing* to make Berta his wife, as she was the only person he had ever deemed it worth his while to think of marrying.

"Willing, are ye?" said Captain Bend, opening his eyes wide. "Remember, youngster, it takes two to make a bargain! Go ahead, however, and if Berta wills it, she will be willing too, why then, do you see, I'll have no objection to the knot's being spliced!"

Merle "went ahead"—or at least thought he did—"in fine style." The girl treated him kindly, but whenever he touched on the subject of love, she contrived, with the peculiar skill of her sex, to turn the conversation.

Robert Bale, the first officer of the Watchman, was a fine, manly young fellow, intelligent and sensible, but so modest that it always made him feel uneasy and sad when he saw Berta talking with Merle. In fact, Robert loved her with his whole soul, and had hoped he might eventually win her until he noticed the apparent friendship springing up between her and the owner's son. She had been rather shy of the young mate from the first, and yet, whenever they had spoken to each other, he had felt conscious that he was not indifferent to her.

Now, as Berta and Merle stood conversing, the first officer passed them, glass in hand, and mounted to the main-top to get a good look at the land.

Merle noticed that the girl would now and then look up toward the sailor in a way which he did not half like. There was a softness in her eyes, a deep blush on her cheek, and a gentle heaving of the bosom more eloquent than words.

"Seems to me that fellow takes a good deal of trouble for nothing—going aloft there, to see the land, which can be seen from deck."

"Mr. Bale is a true sailor," responded Berta. "Good enough, I dare say, in his own calling; but out of it, good for nothing."

"What do